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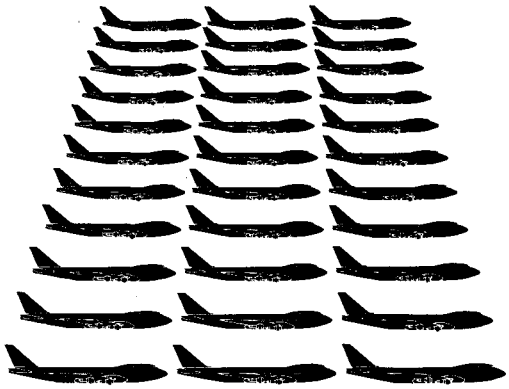

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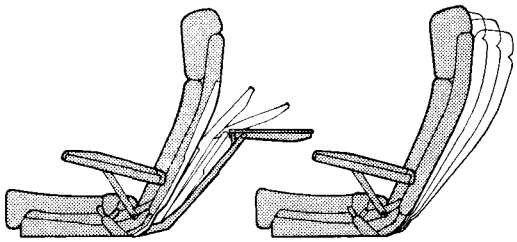

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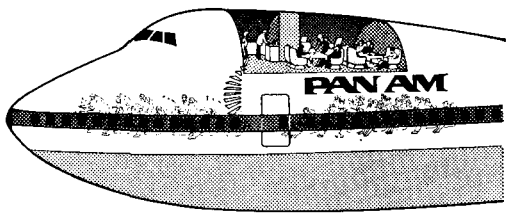

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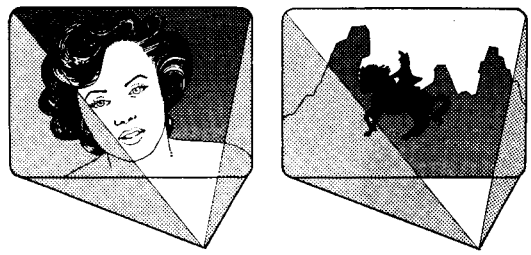

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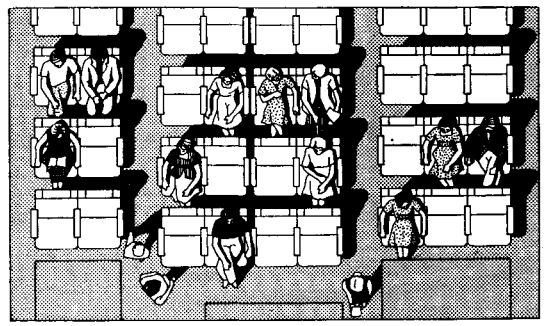

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Anthony Bloomfield

Fidelity

I'D HAD A FEW DRINKS or I'd have been thinking straight and out the back door on the first knock. Piss off can't you, I thought, I was watching the boxing, but Mary she calls down *What's the matter with you then broke your legs you want me to come down in my nightie* And one of the youngsters starts bawling.

All right all right I'm going amn't I And in my stocking feet for I'd taken my boots off not to muck the new divan, and while I'm pulling the bolts they start hammering like the clappers and even then I don't twig, it was more than a few I'd had to be honest. *Jesus wait a minute can't you you want to wake the whole bloody street*

There's a light outside but of course it's been busted. I tell you I must have been smashed, for I didn't even know him at first and knowing him all my life, and the other feller, his hair I thought it was a tart, hanging halfway down his back. *Hullo Terry* he says, then I knew it was Michael, and this other feller, he was only a kid, he shows me the gun.

Come in boys I said, still slow on the uptake, and Mary calls down *Who is it then is it Sally* and the kid sticks the gun in my gut. Sally's her sister, lives down the street, always in and out she is. Even more so now.

Come on Terry says Michael we're taking a ride And the kid jabs the gun in hard, making sure I get the message. *Let me get my boots on* I says, and the kid says *You won't need any boots* And that's when I know the form, and I'm stone-cold sober.

That you Sally I'm just coming down Mary's out of the bedroom, I can hear her. *Tell her Terry* says Michael soft, and I tell her *No it's not Sally get back to bed I'm just popping out* Something like that I yell. *Turn off the telly then* she yells back. And the kid with the hair says *Fuck the telly* Doesn't even lower his voice.

The moon's up since I was back from the pub. All I can think is thank God it's dry I don't get my feet wet. We go down the street he's still bawling, it's Brian our youngest, doesn't sleep well, like a lot of them, you can't blame the poor wee devils. *We know where that telly came from don't we* says Michael *you fucken renegade why'd you do it*

Well I realise it's no point arguing, but I start saying something like *Don't know what the hell you're on about* and straight off the kid smacks the gun across my mouth. It sort of shocked me more than hurt but I lost two teeth. I don't think Michael he approved, but he didn't say anything to the kid, just to me he says *It's no use Terry you've been sentenced* Which I'm not that stupid I hadn't apprehended.

They'd left the wheels round the corner, the engine running. It's a Cortina sixteen hundred, I remember I picked one up myself the night we did the job at Hudson's. Michael's the driver, and the kid and me get in the back. I'm spitting blood and the kid tells me *Keep that stinking puke off me*

Michael takes it nice and easy, he's a sound man. I'm not all that curious regarding our destination, one place'll be the same as the other. I peek a look at the kid with the hair. Couldn't swear I'd never seen him hanging around, they all look the same, like tarts, but what I see looking under all that fucken hair he can't be more than fifteen sixteen and he's the one with the gun. What I see too, Jesus every time another motor passes, we stop at the lights, he's jumping,

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you'd think he hadn't done a job before. Acknowledged, there always has to be a first time.

To Michael I say *Got a cigarette* and the kid tells me *Shut up* and Michael says *Christ sake give him a cig can't you* I get it between my lips, I have to hold it with my fingers my mouth's busted.

There's just this one consolation, soon as we were in the car I'd checked it, they haven't got a Black and Decker. I seen them do it with a B and D, just that one time's enough, Jesus. Not unless it's in the dash they haven't, or the boot, and there's no reason for it, they should put the bastard in the boot. *I was just watching the boxing* I says, I don't know why I said it, something to say.

When Michael stops the motor the kid sticks the gun in my gut again. *Don't try anything* he says, he thinks I'm crazy. He's pulling me out, but Michael tells him *Hang on a bit* Then Michael says to me *You want a drink Terry* and he takes a half-bottle out of his pocket. *We're having a fucken party are we* says the kid *Invited guests only is it or can we all join in* I'd been Michael I'd have belted the little sod.

Of course he meant it for a kindness, Michael, but hell the whiskey, I'd forgotten my mouth. I tell you, it burned so bad I couldn't help myself, I just spat it out. And the kid laughs himself silly. I give Michael back the bottle and he says *All right come on then* he says and we get out of the motor.

My mouth's still burning. The pain of it, it gives me, so to say, a foretaste. What it's going to be like fifty times worse. A hundred times. Even though, thank Christ, they haven't brought the drill.

We walk off down the street, Michael and me together, the kid behind. There's these wee children playing, shouting and screaming, should be in bed, but we come close, they get a good look at us they go quiet and back off.

End of the street, it's all flattened, we just keep on walking. Like I said, there's a moon, it's only half-full, but it's bright enough you can see all the rubble, the bricks and the holes, clear as bloody day. *He done it before* I ask Michael.

Done what before says Michael, though he must have known.

A knee-cap job says I, and as I says it I can't help myself, I feel the wet down my legs.

There always has to be a first time says Michael.

We get to this sort of mound, middle of nowhere, the moon you can see for miles, like a battlefield. *This'll do* says Michael, and the kid pushes me down. At least I think, I remember thinking, the fucken moon he can see what he's doing.

Right then says Michael. The kid's blowing down the barrel. I look at Michael. *You'll show him* I says.

Christ sake says Michael *it's not that bloody difficult* He turns his back and the kid bends down with the gun.

So it's not that bloody difficult. You do it right and they're on their feet again in two months. And six months now and I'm still on my fucken back. And what they say is I'll only ever walk with sticks. If I'm lucky.

They've carted the telly off and the new divan and the other stuff. All right, so we did these jobs and I kept a bit back, thinking of Mary and the youngsters. And not so much as some others I could name. I'm taking it hard, I tell you for sure.

All the same, I'm no fucken renegade. Up the Provos. Up the I.R.A.

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E. J. Mishan

On the Road to Repression & Control

Of Capitalism & Freedom

"The fundamental threat to freedom is the power to coerce, be it in the hands of a monarch, a dictator, an oligarchy, or a momentary majority. The preservation of freedom requires the elimination of such concentration of power to the fullest possible extent and the dispersal and distribution of whatever power cannot be eliminated—a system of checks and balances. . . ."

MILTON FRIEDMAN

LIBERAL ECONOMISTS or, less ambiguously, libertarian economists have long regarded a competitive private enterprise system not only as an economically efficient institution but also as one of the great bulwarks of liberty. This view has been eloquently argued by a number of outstanding economists in our own day. For instance, F. A. Hayek in his celebrated *Road to Serfdom* (1944) quotes Adam Smith as follows:

> "The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted to no council whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had the folly and presumption to fancy himself fit to exercise it."

Elaborating on the nature of this danger, Hayek goes on to remark:

> Once the communal sector, in which the state controls all the means, exceeds a certain proportion of the whole, the effects of its actions dominate the whole system. Although the state controls directly the use of only a large part of the available resources, the effect of its decisions on the remaining part of the economic system becomes so great that indirectly it controls almost everything. Where, as was for example true in Germany as early as 1928, the central and local authorities directly control the use of more than half the national income (according to an official German estimate, then 53%) they control indirectly almost the whole economic life of the nation. There is, then, scarcely an individual end which is not dependent for its achievement on the action of the state, and the "social scale of values" which guides the state's action must embrace practically all individual ends.

Hayek might well have carried the argument a stage further. For the belief, popular among socialists, that in a democracy the state itself is in the last resort controlled by the electorate, or that a free press ensures the existence of an "open society", is less than a half-truth. When one considers the sheer size of the modern nation-state, the control exercised by the electorate over the full range of activities of a government that absorbs close to (or more than) 50% of the entire national product is limited to broad direction only. Its control of detail is remote and ineffectual. The continuing concern of the politically-minded citizen is of necessity, then, directed in the main to contemporary bread-and-butter issues, on which issues politicians and political parties base their bid for office.

Thus, a bureaucracy that has come to embrace about half the entire economy, whose tentacles are spread wide in all directions, is not easily reformed, or even influenced, by a political party's brief tenure of office. States grow within states. There are groups within sub-committees within committees within sections within departments, the activities of which—the very existence of which—are unknown to the public and unsuspected by politicians. Under the general rubric of what is today known as *R & D*, for example (especially *R & D* associated with internal and external defence), projects are undertaken and experiments conducted which, were they known, would outrage the public.[1]

[1] *The Sunday Times* (6 July 1975) reports the remarks of an American psychologist, Dr Thomas Narut, at a NATO conference held in Oslo, that convicted murderers were among those selected and trained for naval commando-type operations and also for serving as "hit-men" in American embassies. Their training included the showing of films of violence designed to enable them to dissociate their feelings from the act of violence.

Whether or not the report is true in substance, it is plausible enough, and only one of many that occasionally come to the surface, create a stir, and then are forgotten.

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Be that as it may, the good fight against the persistent tendency toward government expansion never falters from lack of support.

AMONG THE ECONOMISTS TODAY who, through their writings and speeches, have sought and continue to seek actively to arrest the growing encroachment of the power of the state on the diminishing private sector of the economy, perhaps the best known is Milton Friedman, who would readily affirm today what he wrote in his *Capitalism and Freedom* in 1962:

> The kind of economic organisation that provides economic freedom directly, namely, competitive capitalism, also promotes political freedom because it separates economic power from political power and in this way enables the one to offset the other.

Declaring that *economic* freedom (in the sense of individual freedom to choose man-made goods) is best realised through competitive markets, Friedman goes on to observe that:

> What the market does is to reduce greatly the range of issues that must be decided through political means, and thereby to minimise the extent to which government need participate directly in the game. The characteristic feature of action through political channels is that it tends to require or enforce substantial conformity. The great advantage of the market, on the other hand, is that it permits wide diversity.

Yet this same competitive private enterprise system that extends economic freedom acts also to promote *political* freedom. For by removing the organisation of economic activity from the control of political authority, the market eliminates this source of coercive power. It enables economic strength to be a check to political power rather than a reinforcement.

I confess that I am in sympathy with the broad sweep of this argument. Like most of my colleagues in the economics profession I am always ready to concede a presumption in favour of decentralised private enterprise and competitive markets unless convincing reasons to the contrary are adduced—as, of course, they sometimes can be when it comes to the introduction of a public good or the curbing of a public "bad." Although the operations of free markets and decentralised enterprise cannot of themselves prevent a gradual degradation of the quality of life or an erosion of moral values, they are surely more congenial to the exercise of effective economic and political freedom than is the concentration of economic power in the hands of giant corporations or, worse, in the hands of the state.

A Neglected Avenue of Enquiry

"Chancellor Denis Healey's controversial plan to clamp down on tax evasion was given an unopposed second reading after an Opposition attack on it was defeated by 288 votes to 274. The Tories will keep up the pressure to tone down the powers of what have been scornfully dubbed 'Healey's secret police.'

Shadow Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe accused him in last night's debate of turning Britain into 'a kind of fiscal Lubianka' and complained about the way the announcement of the new powers had been slipped through 'on a dark Maundy Thursday' (when there were no morning newspapers being published the next day).

Mr Healey was obviously taken aback by the scale of the opposition to his plans. Some newspapers, he said, had 'conjured up Kafkaesque fantasies . . . the sort of Tory-Trotskyism that is spawning in the damp cellars of the Carlton Club and Annabel's'. . . ."

DAILY MAIL/THE TIMES

NEVERTHELESS, in spite of the manifest resentment of ordinary citizens at the scale and frequency of government intervention, and in spite of the articular apprehension of liberals everywhere, in spite even of the occasional resolutions of government spokesmen, the size of the public sector has continued to grow remorselessly in all Western countries since the turn of the century. As recently as the early 1930s, total US government expenditure (federal, state, and local) barely amounted to 10% of net national expenditure. By 1940 it had risen to 25%; by 1950 to 29%; and by 1970 to 42%. Although it has not yet topped 50%, the critical proportion beyond which, according to F. A. Hayek, the government "controls indirectly the whole economic life of the nation", and although it is still far from the 60% share of the British government (which, according to Roy Jenkins, would make "pluralism" difficult), it does seem to be moving in that direction.

The question which has, therefore, to be faced is whether—in addition to the impetus provided by the enthusiasm of planners and technocrats, and by the empire-building propensities of bureaucrats—there is in fact a secular tendency for government to expand at the expense of the private sector; in particular, whether this tendency is itself a consequence of rising levels of affluence.

Here, then, is a rich vein of enquiry that has too long been neglected. Its terms of reference may be expressed as follows. Does the process of economic growth itself cause both a diminution in the private sector of the economy and a diminution of individual liberty? Two things may be noticed about the wording of the question.

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First, that an explanation in terms of economic growth does not preclude other, and possibly complementary, explanations. One of the most remarkable social phenomena of the post-War period is the re-emergence in the West of a veritable passion for equality, one that is marked by a growing impatience with privilege or authority whatever its source. The "revolution of expectations" is transforming itself into what Daniel Bell has recently called the "revolution of rising entitlements"—in effect, a revolution of mass sentiment expressing itself in the demand that the state provide and guarantee whatever discontented majorities or aggrieved minorities deem to be right and proper.

This phenomenon is not surprising. The extension of democracy along with the growth of affluence over the last hundred years has encouraged the spread of egalitarian sentiment. Indeed, the demand for the universal extension of opportunity to compete for the economic prizes—popular among the enlightened Establishment before World War II—has been transformed today into a demand to share in whatever economic prizes are won: a demand that is being met, however, not so much through direct income transfers but rather through burgeoning public expenditures on health, education, and welfare services generally.

Such an explanation of events—in terms, that is, of democratic and egalitarian forces—is not uncongenial to the liberal mind since it offers hope for the future. The good fight against persistent government encroachment could hardly be waged with conviction unless it were believed that this seeming trend could be checked, if not reversed; that is, unless it were believed that the factors making for More Government are not decisive and need not, in the last resort, prevail against the express desires of that enlightened electorate which it is the task of the good liberal economist to bring into being.

From this liberal perspective, at any rate, the public sector in modern democracies grows in response to popular egalitarian sentiment. And this sentiment, as it happens, is linked to a strong preference for the government provision of specific services rather than for the straightforward money transfers that are favoured by liberal economists.

Complementary to this explanation in terms of egalitarian or populist sentiment is another: namely, that the growth of government expenditures is directly facilitated by the operation of existing progressive income tax systems.

Although there is no necessary logical connection between economic growth and the growth of progressive tax systems, there is indeed a historical connection. In Western democracies, at least, economic growth over the last century has been accompanied by greater progression of nominal income-tax rates. This phenomenon is one that many economists regard as one of the direct causes of government expansion. For a progressive tax structure in a growing economy enables the government to collect over time an increasing *proportion* of the national product, especially—as we now know to our cost—in times of inflation. This is the result simply of moving income-earners into higher tax brackets. From time to time, of course, nominal tax rates are lowered. But they are not lowered by enough to counteract the aforementioned trend—a fact that makes it easier for governments to expand their activities.

For this reason alone there is a strong case for proportional taxation, though one that will not be argued here,[2] the point of these remarks being only to acknowledge this characteristic property of the progressive tax structure in facilitating and encouraging government expansion.

THE SECOND THING to notice about the wording of our enquiry is the phrase "a diminution of individual liberty." There is an obvious sense in which, as Friedman and others have argued, any extension of government activity at the expense of the private sector of the economy itself reduces both the variety of choices open to the citizen and the economic power at his disposal. But the implication of the phrase goes further than this. For, without any significant increase in the government sector of the economy, there can be substantial reductions in individual liberty arising directly out of repressive legislation. What is more, this untoward development may well be inescapable. It may be an unavoidable consequence of the very direction and pattern of economic growth.

The fact that this possibility has not occurred to the liberal economist must be attributed in some part to his ideological commitment to that material progress which he continues to regard, despite the accumulating evidence to the contrary, as a potent solvent of all social frictions and personal frustrations. In some part also it is due to the economist's habit of thinking about

[2] The case is cogently argued in Friedman's *Capitalism and Freedom*, pp. 172–6.

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economic growth in terms of a rise in the level, or flow, of an abstract "real" income. Even those liberal economists who recognise the impact of economic growth on environmental amenity favour faster economic growth. To quote Samuel Brittan's remark in his *Capitalism and the Permissive Society* (1973):

> One very attractive way of taking out the fruits of faster economic growth would be to make the working environment itself less abrasive, even at the cost of some sacrifice in production. But to be able to do this without making unacceptable inroads into real wages we will require more rapid growth in our productive potential.

At best, economists have been satisfied to think about economic growth in terms of more or better consumer goods which, it is said, "expand the area of choice open to the individual." As a result, they have paid too little attention to the particular kinds of technological innovation that, accompanying the process of economic expansion, have come to increase directly and indirectly the power and reach of the modern state.

In the event, I shall open the debate by propounding the thesis that there is indeed a direct relation between economic growth and, more specifically, technological growth—the latter being the chief component and characteristic feature of modern economic growth—and the secular growth of government economic activity. I shall argue, in particular, that the concomitant decline in personal freedom is not only a corollary of this reduction in the private sector of the economy. It is the result also of conscious surrenders of personal rights and freedoms, this being the unavoidable reaction of society to the consequences of particular kinds of technology. If I am correct, it follows that the libertarian economist cannot consistently claim also to be a pro-growth economist.

A PRELIMINARY STATEMENT OF MY THESIS is desirable at this stage.

In general terms it may be affirmed that the slower the changes taking place in any civilised society, and the greater the degree of moral consensus within it, the smaller is the scope for legislation. *Per contra*, the more rapid are the changes and the less the moral consensus, the greater is the amount of legislation required. Moreover, in such conditions, the resulting legislation, passed in haste and based (as it will be), on compromise and expediency, is likely to please few and disgruntle many. The latter statements are clearly descriptive of the political situation prevalent in most Western democracies. And a moment's reflection about its causes takes us to the heart of the matter.

Rapid economic development over the last century has been responsible not only for an unprecedented expansion of populations the world over but also (especially in the richer countries) for the growing mobility of their populations. Among the consequences have been a rapid increase in the size and crowdedness of urban areas, and a continuing change in their composition. Moreover, the concomitant innovations in industrial processes and products that (measured by conventional indices) have multiplied real incomes in the West, have been productive also of powerful side-effects which, for our purpose, can be divided into two overlapping categories: those which expose humanity to hitherto unknown dangers, and those adverse spillovers which, in modern nation states, are continually translated into overt conflicts of interest. Both the dangers and the conflicts are, at best, contained by legislation, but generally at the expense of individual choice and, therefore, at the expense of individual freedom.

New Sources of Mutual Annoyance

I TURN FIRST TO THOSE INNOVATIONS both of consumer goods and industrial processes that have incidental but direct and substantial effects on the well-being of others—effects which are known, in the economist's slang, as "spillovers." This analysis by economists turns on the concept of a divergence between social and market valuations and on methods for reducing this divergence.[3] In the light of my thesis, however, we must now take note of the propensity of these spillovers to augment the power of the state.

Grouping transport innovations, we can begin with the private automobile which, apart from severely restricting the freedom of the would-be pedestrian, happens also to be a lethal weapon. Through its intensive use, Americans continue to kill off their countrymen at the rate of about 50,000 a year, in motor accidents alone, and to maim for life more than twice that number. Apart from that its manifold nuisance-value defies calculation. Society's half-hearted attempts to protect itself from the excesses of its beloved

[3] A general account of the economist's approach to this phenomenon is given in my article "The Spillover Enemy", ENCOUNTER (December 1969).

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monster have already issued in a number of minor infringements of personal freedom. As automobiles continue to get in each other's way, they are subjected to closer regulation: to speed limits, parking prohibitions, one-way streets, no-entry precincts, and so on. Stricter controls on exhaust emissions and engine noise are on the way and, to enforce them, a variety of electronic devices and a growing army of traffic police.

The expansion of air traffic, both commercial and private, has also brought with it detailed regulatory legislation that can only grow over the future. The popularity of air travel, however, has other consequences. The promotion of mass tourism has already run into the incipient resentment of populations in the host countries, or of host regions within a country. Pressures on legislatures, local and national, to limit the freedom of people to travel where and when they wish, are becoming increasingly effective. Certainly within the richer and more populated countries, motorised travel to national parks, wilderness areas, and lake districts will soon have to be rationed, either by price or by more direct means, if they are to be preserved from irrevocable spoliation. Traffic congestion is not, of course, the only issue. Owing to the so-called package revolution, legislation is being enforced in some countries, and is being contemplated in others, in the attempt to control the growing litter (much of it synthetic and non-degradable) on the streets, on the beaches, in parklands, and in lakes and streams.

One might continue down the list of despoiling technology. For the post-War growth of other motorised pastimes, involving the use of such things as motor-cycles, speed boats, snowmobiles, private planes, has started a reaction among the more amenity-conscious citizenry—frequently identified by pro-growth economists as élitist middle-class kill-joys—which is manifestly on the increase, and which is sure to result in further restrictions on freedoms hitherto enjoyed by the motorised multitude.

The mounting concern over the last decade with air, water, and soil pollution arising from new industrial processes and their products—in particular with the fouling of the air in metropolitan regions, with the destruction of forest, wetlands, and everglades, with the dumping of sewage in estuaries and oil on the high seas, and with the wanton use of pesticides and chemical fertilisers—has led to an increase in controls in all countries, the import of which has not yet been fully appreciated. Certainly in Britain they have excited little attention. In the US, in contrast, the environmental interest has been vociferous enough to precipitate a rash of restrictive legislation, both state and federal. In 1970, for instance, the powerful Environmental Protection Agency was added to the existing number of federal regulatory bodies. Today, American businessmen no longer have the freedom to choose their most profitable type and scale of industrial plant, or its most profitable location.

In view of their excessive mobility and enterprise, it is not, of course, surprising that Americans are more conscious of these problems than other nationals. Some of them have also begun to perceive uneasily the shape of things to come. Thus, in the introduction to a recent Report commissioned by Congress, economist Ronald Ridker wrote in 1972:

> Conservation of our water resources, preservation of wilderness areas, protection of animal life threatened by man, restrictions on pollutant emissions, and the limitations on fertilizer and pesticide-use, all require public regulation. Rules must be set and enforced, complaints heard and adjudicated. True enough, the more we can find means of relying on the price system, the easier will be the bureaucratic task. But even if effluent charges and user fees become universal, they would have to be set administratively, emissions and use metered, and fees collected. It appears inevitable that a larger proportion of our lives will be devoted to filling in forms, arguing with the computer or its representative, appealing decisions, waiting for our case to be handled, finding ways to evade or move ahead in the queue. In many small ways, everyday life will become more contrived.

The Great Pay Scramble

LET ME NOW BE RASH ENOUGH to insinuate my thesis into an area of current controversy among economic specialists, the genesis of the new inflation. Since my leisurely reflections on this topic have already been published in these pages[4] I shall confine myself here to tracing a connection between the shape of economic growth and the associated change of institutions in the West on the one hand, and, on the other, the unparalleled scale of current pay claims that appears to be making it all but impossible for governments not to intervene actively, and continually, in industrial relations.

First let me bring to mind those innovations in transport, communication, and industrial plant

[4] "The New Inflation", ENCOUNTER (March 1974).

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that have increased the size and economic power of both corporations and labour unions, national and multinational. There are some economists who choose to believe that the American economy is no less competitive today than it was 50 years ago, and on some kinds of definition, this can be held to be true. But despite the growth of wealth and population, there are certainly fewer industrial firms today and, what is more significant, the larger corporations are very much larger than those of 50 years ago, whether measured in terms of value added, of capital used, or of number of employees. Their power to influence voters and governments to support policies favourable to the corporations' business—through the buying-up of advertising space or time, through highly organised lobbies, and through scarcely concealed bribes to journalists, labour leaders, and public-office holders—is too well known to require documentation. Nor need one waste time instancing the methods used by aggressive labour unions to intimidate individual workers, and to bring pressure to bear on smaller labour unions that threaten their monopoly.

This growth of national monopolies on each side of industry has strengthened the propensity of both capital and labour to conspire against the public by raising production costs. It is a propensity that has been aggravated in the last two or three years by an unprecedented clamour for more money by the working populations in all Western countries. Owing to improved statistical techniques and to the employment of high-speed computers—owing also to the spread of news-media and to the post-War surge of material expectations, itself inspired by the growth gospel and encouraged by government pronouncements—workers in all occupations have now become hypersensitive to movements in their real wages and to their position in the pay structure. The ordinary citizen having been fed on the pap of "rising expectations" for almost a generation, no group today suffers an actual reduction in its real pay without a deep sense of grievance and, currently, without continuing action to recover and advance its real earnings—even when, for the economy as a whole, some (temporary) decline in real standards may be unavoidable. Although economists are fully aware of this *de facto* intransigence of the working population, and have to work it into their traditional fiscal and monetary theories, it is a phenomenon quite without parallel.

Unfortunately, at the very time that workers have become acutely conscious of movements in their real and relative earnings, they have also become aware of their collective power to inflict injury on their industry and, more important, to impose inconvenience or even hardship on local or national communities. Since developments in communication have been such that management, representing all the firms of "the industry" in question, negotiates with labour leaders representing all workers in that industry, the most likely outcome is one that concedes the bulk of the wage claims even if this entails a rise in the prices of the industry's outputs.

The likelihood of this sort of solution is strengthened in conditions of near-full employment, and of upward wage and price drift, that have largely prevailed since World War II. For if, in any important economic activity, industrial conflict looks imminent (or if any existing dispute is beginning to drag on), democratic governments, with their eyes always on the next election, are tempted to intervene.

Industrial peace in such cases generally entails concessions to labour. Since wage settlements, in one economic sector after another over the last few years, have invariably been in excess of productivity increases, prices have continued to move up. What is more, the resulting inflation becomes self-generating inasmuch as each wage settlement triggers off the pay claims of others whose positions in the pay structure are thereby disturbed.

These developments have culminated in rates of inflation that are today causing alarm and despondency in Britain and other countries.[5] Given the existence of the welfare state and the commitment of all political parties to the "full employment" objective, it seems highly unlikely that monetary and fiscal policies alone will suffice, over the foreseeable future, to maintain price stability. As events are moving, such policies look to be made subordinate and ancillary to an extension of price and wage controls. Even if my interpretation of these events is inadequate or mistaken, the tacit conspiracy against the public interest by capital and labour in the chief industries—a conspiracy that is one of the institutional outcomes of economic growth—is sure to strengthen the role of the Central Government as broker, as mediator and, in the last resort, as the wielder of countervailing power.

[5] Contemporary inflation cannot be blamed largely on the steep rise in oil or food prices since 1973, as in all countries it preceded such movements.

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A Future World of Moral Anxiety

THE DIRECTION OF CURRENT RESEARCH in modern medicine is such as to make certain decisions increasingly painful and, indeed, given the trend toward a dissolution of traditional values, more difficult both at the personal and at the community level. In consequence, the government will be called upon to play a yet larger role in the social control of medicine. At least three trends are discernible which look as if they will culminate in increased government intervention: (*1*) The growing dependence of the medical profession upon expensive machines for diagnosis and treatment; (*2*) continuing improvements in the techniques of organ-transplants and in those for preserving people in a non-sentient state for indefinite periods, and (*3*) the progress being made by research in *RNA* and *DNA*—the acid substances that store and pass on as heredity the blueprint for production of proteins by the cell.

Concerning (*1*), it may be assumed that physicians will want to invest in the new machines, for they believe (rightly) that their competence will be judged by the impressiveness of the equipment on display in their offices or clinics. Once bought, however, doctors will be under strong financial temptation to make maximum use of them, and they will, moreover, become increasingly dependent on them over time. With this development, a system of private medicine is more likely over the near future to threaten the private citizen with inordinate medical expenses[6] and, in consequence, to induce him to favour an extension of state medicine.

Another implication of this same development is that something akin to moral decisions have now to be made by medical staffs in hospitals where, because of their exorbitant price, there are not always enough lung or kidney machines available for all patients who may benefit from their use.

Trends (*2*) and (*3*) also entail moral decisions of this nature. The enthusiasm of some surgeons for organ-transplant operations has, according to press reports, led to the premature removal of the vital organ. Recently, for example, the victim of a motor accident was discovered to be still alive during the removal operation. So long as "fresh" corpses are required by emergency wards, permission has to be sought from the close relations of the accident victims. Since it is now obvious that the information they receive should not come from the medical men who are anxious to exercise their skill in transplant operations, procedural rules will have to be formulated and enforced. Again, since medical evidence of death can be associated with the cessation of heart, lung, or brain activity, there must also be criteria for determining whether or not a person is "really" dead; whether and for how long to keep alive a person in a dormant state of being (a "human vegetable"); or whether, and for how long, to keep a person alive when there is little hope of releasing him from continuous suffering, or when there is practically no hope of his ever enjoying life again. Thus, disturbing moral problems are raised by advances in modern medicine whose resolution, however, cannot be left to the discretion of the medical profession—least of all, at a time of eroding moral consensus.[7] In the last resort the rules will be shaped through the political process, and their application enforced through government agencies.

WE CAN, FINALLY, IMAGINE the public consternation as scientists begin to uncover the secrets of the genetic code. Discoveries enabling them to breed clones[8] or, more potent still, to influence the genetic composition of human offspring, or to control it in "test-tube" babies—so that, among other possibilities, highly superior or inferior beings could be bred or, alternatively, animal or human beings that are "freaks" in that they are highly specialised for particular purposes—may seem far away just now. But there can be no doubt that scientific research is moving in that direction. The moral problems to be faced would be painful, particularly if it were also feared that some other government, or group of scientists or fanatics, were planning to use the findings of such research for sinister ends. In the circumstances, only the most far-reaching powers of investigation and control wielded by

[6] Universal recourse to insurance schemes, even ideal ones, will not prevent this development since the premia will have to rise in proportion to the rise in medical expenses. State control of medicine, however, can take the profit out of using elaborate equipment and can otherwise regulate its use.

[7] The moral dilemma of the physician at a time when traditional values are in disarray is well described by Alasdair MacIntyre in "How Virtues Become Vices", ENCOUNTER (July 1975).

[8] The difficult moral and legal problems that would arise in the event of successful cloning techniques have been discussed by Leon Kass, "Making Babies", in *The Public Interest* (Winter 1972).

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governments acting in concert would suffice to allay such fears.

A moment's reflection will confirm that these are not idle fantasies. The most sensible course of action for mankind, it might be agreed, would be to prohibit further research in this dangerous area. But in the world of today international approval and operation of such a ban would be difficult on both political and "scientistic" grounds. The import of the latter term has reference to the ideological presumption in favour of untrammelled scientific discovery, plus an unquestioned superstition that scientific freedom and personal freedom are closely intertwined. These are reinforced by broad humanitarian appeals whenever the public becomes uneasy about their possible social implications. The "good" uses of the research in question are always stressed; the sufferings of some people who might benefit are continually emphasised. Thus it was in the recent decision of the British government to permit microbiologists and other scientists to continue their experiments in creating new mutations of bacteria—provided of course, "proper safeguards" were observed. And so the research goes on until substances and instruments of fearsome potential come into being within societies peopled by imperfect beings among which there is, alas, no shortage of fanatic or criminal elements.

A Secret File on Everybody

"Scarcely anyone who was involved in the operations—bugging phones, breaking into houses, slipping LSD *to unsuspecting bar patrons, planning assassination attempts, undermining governments—seems to have wondered whether he was doing anything wrong. The values of the men who operated in the shadowy underground world were summed up by William C. Sullivan, for ten years the head of the* FBI's *domestic intelligence division: 'Never once did I hear anybody, including myself, raise the question: "Is this course of action . . . lawful, is it legal, is it ethical or moral?" We never gave any thought to this line of reasoning, because we were just naturally pragmatic.' . . . "*

TIME MAGAZINE

LET US NOW CONSIDER some instances of those innovations in which the element of increasing hazard is the more immediate factor in the reduction of individual liberty. We may begin, arbitrarily, with a glance first at those developments, based either on microfilm or computer technology, which have vastly facilitated the storage, the processing, and the retrieval of information. Such developments have provided corporations and governments with inviting opportunities for extending the range of enquiry about their employees, their customers, or the public at large.

As Jacques Ellul has observed in his *Technological Society* (1965), if a thing is technologically feasible, a use for it will sooner or later be discovered. "Invention is the mother of necessity." It is now becoming technically possible, and not too costly, for a government in an industrially advanced country to store information on the economic and political activities of all its citizens, and to exchange such information with other governments. We can, according to Ellul's generalisation, confidently anticipate the phenomenon.

Although any overt scheme designed to extend the detail and coverage of information about the private lives of citizens would be viewed with alarm by the public, it would not be at all difficult to rationalise in the name of Efficiency, and even in the name of Humanity; as, for example, enabling assistance to be forthcoming more expeditiously to any victim of accident or hardship, or as a powerful aid in the detection and combating of crime or fraud. In view of the phenomenal growth in crime since World War II, and the increasing danger it poses for society—about which more anon—it is not likely that such measures will be successfully resisted.

Apart from its existing uses by the police and the military, and its prospective uses indicated above, the need for more comprehensive dossier systems will grow with the economy's increasing dependence on the complex machines used in the control of modern plants. Computers, for example, perform such vital functions today as guiding missiles and airliners, and controlling the operation of steel and chemical plants. Their employment also in the operation of telephone exchanges, or in the provision of other public utilities such as gas, water, and electricity supply, is sure to grow over the future. Since, in the interests of economy, a single plant can be made to serve a vast metropolitan area, a breakdown (or even a serious error in the operation) of such machines is exceedingly costly and could be disastrous. The same might be said of much simpler devices. Just imagine the consequences of a failure of the fail-safe device controlling the sequence of traffic lights in a large city!

Recognition of these new hazards must, of necessity, produce a system of closer checks and

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tighter controls on the personnel employed in the day-to-day management, maintenance, and repair of such machines, a system which for its effective enforcement will come to depend, among other things, on the family histories and detailed psychological knowledge of the personnel in question. The intimate knowledge required to implement these necessary precautions will increasingly be provided by specialised agencies, public or private, having highly developed methods of prying into the private lives of ordinary citizens. The extreme distaste with which, today, such developments are regarded by liberals, cannot, however, prevent their continued growth. Indeed, the compilation of such personal histories will be facilitated by the cooperation of those citizens whose employment opportunities come to depend upon the availability of such records.

Low Probability-High Consequence Risks

IN THIS CATEGORY APPEAR those risks falling on the public that arise from the day-to-day applications of science to industry. Economic "progress" in chemicals and synthetics, and in the food and drug industry, is being made in a state of virtual ignorance.[9] Not only have we practically no knowledge of the probability of any particular risk occurring, but for the most part we know nothing either of the nature or of the extent of the damage that could be associated with the production of the synthetic in question. The world simply has had no previous experience of it, and the experiments, if any, to which it has been subjected are perforce limited. Thus, although it is conceivable (though hardly likely) that the full range of adverse consequences, and the probability distribution of each of them, will come to light in the course of time for each new substance and each combination of substances, the social problem is that of creating or adapting institutions to cope with the dangers to which people are being currently exposed.[10]

Slowly and haltingly, we are beginning to realise the dangers that abound. Every so often—and sometimes, as in the Thalidomide case,[11] more by luck than by systematic investigation—some new synthetic, drug, or food additive comes under official suspicion and, after some preliminary enquiry, it is withdrawn from the market. Sometimes the damage already wrought is irrevocable;[12] sometimes not. What is certain,

[9] Apprehension is not confined to the general public. Modern medicine advances with extraordinary rapidity as a result of a variety of non-medical specialists, trained in chemistry, biology, mathematics, physics, engineering, bio-chemistry, and so on, all working on one or other narrow aspect of the subject, making their tentative findings available to the medical profession. But such is the profusion of new discoveries that the physician, especially if he is a general practitioner, has neither the time nor the training to form an independent judgment with respect to the new drug, new method of treatment, or the new medical equipment in question. As is well known, many just read the leaflets sent to them by the drug companies and prescribe the drugs to their patients.

[10] Government departments of food or health must expect to encounter difficulties in determining the risks of food additives. Among the reasons for recent difficulties that the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has in making decisions about food safety, Peter Hutt lists *(1)* the often inadequate scientific data base (he notes that the rapidly advancing scientific technology soon makes obsolete last year's level of detection of harmful substances); *(2)* the lack of agreement by scientists on the significance of the safety data available; and *(3)* the fact that there is "no public or scientific consensus today on the risk or uncertainty acceptable to justify the marketing of any substance as a food or drug." Admitting that subjective judgment necessarily plays a large role in safety decisions, the FDA has sought divergent viewpoints to help reach a consensus on particular issues. In this connection see Rita Campbell, *Food Safety Regulation* (Washington, D.C., 1974), especially pp. 3–7.

In order to meet these problems, which can only grow with time, the FDA has to expand its personnel, extend the scale of its operations, and intervene more actively in the private sector of the economy.

[11] It is far from improbable that there is a number of Thalidomide-type drugs widely in use having deleterious genetic effects that operate more slowly over time, making them difficult to detect. Indeed, the *Sunday Times* (25 May 1975) reported that each year about 100,000 women in Britain had taken pregnancy tests using drugs that are currently suspected of giving rise to the birth of deformed children.

[12] Around the turn of the century, German scientists working in the Bayer Company succeeded in synthesising a crystallised compound from morphine which was marketed under the trade name of Heroin. It was regarded as non-addictive, and it was recommended in medical journals as a means of treating morphine-addiction. Ten years had to pass before Heroin was recognised by the medical profession as highly addictive and dangerous.

Since the 1960s, Methadone, a synthetic drug developed in World War II—also, incidentally, by German scientists—has been used as a substitute drug in the treatment of heroin addicts. After encouraging reports of success for many years, investigations undertaken by the US Drug Enforcement Administration revealed in 1974 that deaths from illicit Methadone surpassed those from heroin, and that Methadone constituted a substantial share of the illegal traffic in drugs.

A critical account of Methadone's history is to be found in E. J. Epstein's paper: "Methadone: the Forlorn Hope", *The Public Interest* (Summer, 1974).

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however, is that thousands of new drugs and synthetics come on to the market each year, a vague, persistent and growing threat to our health and survival. The risk of some genetic or ecological catastrophe carried by any single new chemical may be slight, but at their present rate of accumulation on the world market we should be moving, over the years, closer to the certainty of some such catastrophe—unless the state comes to exercise far greater powers over the activities of farmers, and over the food processing and chemical industries. Whether or no such powers will suffice to ward off the dangers, they will surely be ceded. Nothing rouses the indignation of the consuming public so surely as a threat to their health. And the demand for "firm government action", which entails expansion of existing government bureaucracies, will swamp any libertarian considerations.

The Techno-Military Spiral

LET ME NOW TURN to a more obvious source of danger: the upward trend in military expenditures the world over.

In 1913, US national defence expenditure was about 0.7% of national expenditure. By 1940 it was 2%. By 1950 it had grown to 7½%, and by 1970 it was over 10% (or $84 billion, valued in 1974 dollars). This trend in defence expenditure is directedly related to economic growth via the technical innovations that maintain its momentum. It is not, therefore, the result merely of military ambitions, or of administrative laxity, or of financial opportunism, or corruption in high places. The arms race between the powers, especially that between the "superpowers", the US and the USSR, does not take the form of accumulations of military hardware or of expanding military personnel. It takes the form of massive investment in developing and producing more expensive and deadlier weapons. For every weapon of offensive capability there is soon designed a weapon of defensive capability, the response to which is a yet more destructive offensive weapon, and so on. In the words of Charles Schultze, an American scholar in this field:

> continually advancing technology and the risk aversion of military planners, therefore, combine to produce ever more complex and expensive weapons systems and ever more contingencies to guard against.[13]

Without technological progress, that is, these huge expenditures on research and development for the production of yet more complex and lethal weapons could not continue to spiral upward.

The consequent rise in the level of general anxiety, though subversive of social welfare, may not seem directly relevant to my thesis. But this spiral of self-sustaining research inevitably produces scientific secrets of value to enemy agents. The resulting fears, real or imaginary, of ubiquitous enemy intelligence will go far to sanction the use of special powers for counter-espionage activities, including powers to investigate the private lives not only of government employees but of every resident in the country. There is precious little a government, even a liberal democratic government, cannot do today in the name of "national defence" or "military necessity."

In sum, technological progress over the foreseeable future will produce increasingly sophisticated and lethal weapons, the secrets of whose operating principles and construction, it is believed, must on no account be allowed to fall into the hands of a hostile power. For upon them, it can be plausibly argued, depends the effective defence, if not the survival, of the nation. It follows that the private activities and, in times of emergency or fear, the declared beliefs of private citizens, will come under scrutiny and restriction.

Technology in the Service of Crime

FROM EXTERNAL SECURITY, let me turn to internal security, and recall to mind the alarming trend in crime statistics. Notwithstanding the cherished beliefs of liberals and humanists, the growth in the West of material abundance—accompanied as it has been by a vast extension of state welfare services, in particular by an extension of educational opportunities—has not, in the event, brought about the anticipated decline in criminal activity. Quite the contrary; crime has grown without interruption since the end of World War II.

There is, of course, a temptation to explain this unhappy trend also in terms of economic growth, with perhaps special reference to the contemporary accent on material status and on

[13] "Re-examining the Military Budget", *The Public Interest* (Winter, 1970).

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"the good things of life", and the concomitant neglect of traditional values; to explain it also in terms of the decline of moral constraints[14] resulting from the diffusion of secular education, both formal and popular. But I shall resist this temptation here. It is enough to remark that the economic growth of the last two centuries has had the incidental effect of expanding the opportunities and the facilities for a life of crime. The rapid enlargement of town and city in the 19th century can be traced back to the "Agricultural Revolution" and the Enclosure Acts of the 18th century which broke up hundreds of small farm communities throughout the land. A succession of innovations in communication, in transport, in sanitation, and in the provision of public utilities transformed the new industrial and commercial centres into huge urban agglomerations that sometimes run to hundreds of square miles, the breeding-grounds for hordes of petty criminals and thugs. They are ideal also for the operation of large criminal organisations. Against the anonymity and endless swirl of motorised humanity, their movements are difficult to detect. After some daring robbery or brutal crime, which today nearly always depends upon the fast get-away car (one of the great modern innovations), the criminal can hide for weeks within the big city by moving at short notice from one area to another, or within the hour he can be on a commercial air-liner or private plane on his way to foreign parts.

However, what is more pertinent to my thesis is not the increase in the incidence of crime that has been facilitated by economic growth, but the power conferred on organised crime by technological innovation. It is by now abundantly clear that continued scientific research produces not only more expensive and complex missile systems or deadlier rays, gases and bacteria. It also produces critical simplifications in the design of smaller thermonuclear or bacteriological bombs that place them increasingly within the capacity of the smaller and less politically stable nation-states—and also within the capacity of the modern multi-national criminal organisation.

At a time when criminals and political fanatics —their effectiveness multiplied by swift travel, radio communication, "bugging" and other devices—are becoming more active in intimidating the public by the kidnapping and the torture or murder of hostages, the fears instilled in the ordinary citizen are made keener by his recognition also of the increased vulnerability of the large city or conurbation in which he dwells. For, as indicated earlier, in order to avail itself of the economies of large-scale production, the population of a city or of a whole region has come to depend increasingly upon a single source for its water supply, for its sewage disposal, and for its electricity supply—this versatile source of power itself operating a host of subsidiary services vital to the functioning, indeed the survival, of the city or region.

Quite apart from the risk of a breakdown in one of these vital services,[15] one has to reckon today with the growing likelihood of their sabotage or attempted sabotage by criminal or urban guerrilla groups. The anxieties created by the apprehension of such hazards will issue inevitably in an extension of police powers. For the desire for security exceeds the desire for freedom; indeed, security is a pre-condition of freedom. Once the millions of people crowded into the cities begin to realise just how helpless and exposed they have become, there will be little resistance to police telephone-tapping, to closer monitoring of international and perhaps internal travel also, to the surrender of more arbitrary powers of search and arrest, and, above all, to the pervasive surveillance and control that become more effective as scientific progress is made in chemical and other methods of identifying, tracing, and incapacitating people.[16]

The High Price of Nuclear Energy

THE LAST ITEM I shall touch on here, the peacetime use of atomic power, serves only to reinforce the foregoing conclusions.

The prospect of peacetime atomic power is usually discussed in the context of "the nation's energy needs", where the figures for "needs" are all too often no more than an extrapolation of the existing upward trend in energy consumption. Strictly speaking, there are no "needs" in economics. There are only choices—individual or collective. And, clearly, collective choices

[14] See the article by Mark Abrams, "Changing Values", in ENCOUNTER (October 1974), on recent social surveys in Britain.

[15] A contingency anticipated by Roberto Vacca in *The Coming Dark Age* (1972).

[16] Improved methods for identifying, tracing, and incapacitating people are among the list of the hundred most likely innovations compiled by Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener in their book, *The Year 2,000* (1967).

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made through the political process can alter the direction of any trend. A rise in electricity prices or petrol taxes, a ban on automobile advertising, plus the creation of an atmosphere in which (as in Wartime Britain) manifest austerity is regarded as virtuous, could check and reverse the secular demand for energy. Such measures not only serve a policy of conservation but, by reducing the current depletion rate of conventional energy supplies they improve our chances of developing the technology necessary to make solar energy available at low cost.

Ecologists, preservationists, and others concerned with environmental pollution obviously prefer this solution to the so-called energy problem. Businessmen and technocrats, on the other hand, impatient to restore and maintain the pace of economic growth, argue for a rapid expansion in the production of atomic energy through nuclear fission in the hope of making the economy independent of conventional energy sources within two or three decades. This latter course is, at the moment, much the more likely one. For although controversy has begun to spread as information leaks down to the more alert segment of the public, such is the momentum of technology, such is the fear of slipping behind in the "industrial race", that only a miracle can prevent the expansion of the nuclear-fission industry.

TWO SORTS OF RISKS are prominent in the current debate. First, there are the possible failures of the emergency cooling system which functions to avert civilian disaster in the event of reactor accidents arising from loss of coolant. Second, and more important, is the production of biological poisons, of two kinds; *(a)* long-lived radio-active fission products, and *(b)* the production of plutonium—one of the deadliest elements handled by man.

Concerning the first sort of risk, Walter Jordan (a pro-nuclear member of the US Atomic Energy Commission) suggests that a "tolerable level" of risk is something of the order of less than one chance in 10,000 of having a serious accident in a year. But he admits that we have as yet no idea of the probabilities, having accumulated so far only some 100 reactor years of accident-free operation of commercial nuclear electric stations in the United States—which is a long way from 10,000. The only way we shall know what the odds really are, he says, is by continuing to accumulate experience in operating reactors. He believes it is worth the risk.

In a comment on these views, John Gofman, Professor of Medical Physics at California University, writes:

> If we look forward to a future of 500 reactors in operation (even more are planned) and take Dr Jordan's one in 10,000 "tolerable" risk, we calculate one major, serious accident per 20 years. Since a serious accident may mean losing a city like New York or Philadelphia, one might wonder about his criteria of "tolerable" risks. Of course, Dr Jordan makes it very clear we are far from even knowing that the risk is as low as one in 1,000, let alone one in 10,000.[17]

The second risk is connected *(a)* with the disposal of radioactive wastes (after their separation by a reprocessing plant). At present, and simply as an "interim" measure, the fission products, which form a "soup" of virulent radioactive acid that will be dangerous for hundreds of years, are stored in concrete-encased refrigerated stainless steel tanks. This soup also contains heavy elements, "actinides", that will be dangerous for hundreds of thousands of years.[18]

No less alarming is *(b)* the calculation that in a fully developed United States nuclear economy some 200,000 pounds of plutonium will be generated annually. Bearing in mind that the half-life of plutonium is about 24,000 years—that a mere half-pound of it, dispersed into the atmosphere as fine insoluble particles would suffice to inflict every living mortal with lung cancer—the plutonium "inventory" which accumulates over the years will constitute a carcinogenic hazard for a thousand human generations. Clearly a containment level of 99.99% would hardly be enough to avert disaster. Yet inasmuch as plutonium is a necessary material for the fabrication of nuclear weapons, and is expected to be a lucrative item of illicit traffic, such a

[17] The passage appears in John Gofman's article, "Time for a Moratorium", from the booklet *The Case for a Nuclear Moratorium* (1972).

Doubts about reactor safety are to be found today in innumerable publications. The interested reader is advised, first, to consult an excellent and well-documented critique of the nuclear industry by the physicist Amory Lovins, published as a monograph, *Nuclear Power*, by Friends of the Earth (1974).

[18] John Gofman's calculation of the danger to which humanity will be exposed is expressed in vivid, if perhaps tendentious, language. If the US nuclear programme proceeds as planned, he argues, there should be, by the end of the century, an "inventory" of some 500,000 megatons-equivalent of long-lived fission products. The escape and dispersal of one-hundredth of 1% of this inventory would entail high radiation doses having unacceptable carcinogenic and genetic consequences.

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containment level is likely to prove unfeasible.

With such facts in mind a recent statement by Dr Hannes Alfven, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist, looks conservative. Writing in 1972, he said:

> Fission energy is safe only if a number of critical devices work as they should, if a number of people in key positions follow all their instructions, if there is no sabotage, no hijacking of the transports, if no reactor fuel processing plant or reprocessing plant or repository anywhere in the world is situated in a region of riots or guerilla activity, and no revolution or war—even a "conventional" one—takes place in these regions. The enormous quantities of extremely dangerous material must not get into the hands of ignorant people or desperados. No Acts of God can be permitted.[19]

To be more explicit, the extent of the vigilance required by the planned expansion of the nuclear energy programme will entail an unprecedented extension of the internal and international security systems. Among other measures, this will involve armed protection of the transport network along which move containers of atomic materials, a vast increase in internal surveillance and, inevitably, the surrender to the police or, possibly, to specially trained forces of extraordinary powers of entry, arrest, detention and interrogation, if—as they will claim—they are to move fast enough to prevent highly organised criminals, psychopaths, and fanatics from capturing positions from which they can effectively blackmail a nation, or cause, inadvertently or deliberately, irreparable disaster.

In Dismal Conclusion

IN SUM, THEN, the growing threat to liberty arising from adverse spillovers is the direct result of the direction being taken by scientific and technological innovation. Some innovations take the form of industrial processes that generate a variety of dangerous pollutants; others of new products that confer on the user a direct power to cause harm or distress to others, especially in large urban areas where people are inevitably in each other's way; yet others will bestow on society such dreadful powers of control as to induce in it a state of continuing anxiety. The resulting demand for "government regulation" and "control" is reinforced by the spread of new hazards produced by the very pace of modern research and the haste to market its products.[20]

Whether the hazards created by new weapons systems ought to be classified as spillovers is a question of definition. What can hardly be doubted, however, is that sustained research into yet more effective weapons of offence and defence is itself an important example of the broad thesis that the advance of science, though it enhances man's power, also makes his world an increasingly dangerous place to live in. There is now so much more that can go wrong. And the consequences of some mishap or misdeed can be terrifying to contemplate.

Are there other considerations that might alleviate the gloomy picture of the future depicted here? True, there has been no attempt at comprehensiveness in this review of recent developments. But I do not think that the examples used to illustrate my thesis are altogether singular or unrepresentative. Obviously not all innovations create significant spillovers, and not all significant spillovers act to augment government powers and to reduce liberty. But many of those which are familiar to us, and many which are confidently expected to occur, do indeed appear to have these tendencies. And none I can think of has strong countervailing tendencies.

Indeed, the more one reflects on the matter, the more certain becomes the vision of the human race being borne along by an irresistible tide toward an ocean deep-mined with unknown perils. As the perils loom closer, and as men come to apprehend their increasing vulnerability, the instinctive desire for self-preservation—found in organised societies as well as in individuals—will prompt them to cede to governments far greater powers of surveillance, control, and repression than are compatible with our contemporary notions of personal liberty.

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[19] *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* (May 1972).

[20] Time is money, and it has become just too expensive to spend time uncovering the range of possible side effects of scientific innovations. On this point, however, Garret Hardin writes:

> "The overwhelming probability is that any newly proposed remedy won't work. More: experience shows that there is an almost equally high probability that the new nostrum will *cause* actual harm. The most intelligent way of dealing with the unknown is in terms of probability. Therefore we should assume that each remedy proposed will do positive harm, until the most exhaustive tests and carefully examined logic indicate otherwise . . . ."
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> *Exploring New Ethics for Survival* (1972), p. 59.

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Anthony Rhodes

The Marquis of Pombal

A Dictator of Portugal

IN THE FIRST HALF of the 18th century Portugal, although a European power with a great overseas empire, was the most backward country in Western Europe. In the heroic age, contemporary with the Tudors in England, the Portuguese had founded colonies in South America, the Azores, India, and on the African coast. But by the 18th century, the influx of riches and precious metals from these territories had corrupted and sapped the energy of the nation; and the loss of much man power to the colonies had resulted in Negro slave labour being imported in alarming numbers. At a time when the Encyclopaedists were illuminating Louis XV's France, when great reforms were afoot in George II's England, and the spirit of independence was born in America, Portugal was, constitutionally, still in the Middle Ages, a theocracy ruled by a pietistic monarch. John V, who ascended the throne in 1706, was completely under the domination of his Jesuit confessors. Voltaire said of him, "This monarch's gaieties were religious processions; when he took to building, he built monasteries; when he wanted a mistress, he took a nun. . . ." The monks and nuns who swarmed in the streets of Lisbon seemed often more numerous than the ordinary citizens. You could not walk half an hour without running into a religious procession, before which you had to kneel or risk arrest by the agents of the Inquisition. Into such a society was born Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, known to history as the first Marquis of Pombal, in 1699.

It is his claim to fame that within his lifetime he transformed his country, modernised it, and established in Portugal a purely secular administration, entirely independent of Rome. To do so, however, he employed such Procrustean methods that modern historians have even likened him to Adolf Hitler. At the height of his power he inspired such terror in his people that they dared not even mention his name in public. His method for dealing with the revolt of the aristocrats, who wished to return to the old theocratic rule, certainly compares with Hitler's method for crushing the German Generals' revolt of 20 July 1944. After a summary trial, the Duke of Alveira, one of the proudest names in Portugal, and the other Grandee ring-leaders were placed on a scaffold in the centre of Lisbon where their limbs and ribs were smashed with hammers, after which they were garotted or beheaded. The aged Marchioness of Tavora was made to witness her own sons undergoing this agony, before being decapitated herself. Pombal arrested hundreds of other aristocrats allegedly connected with the conspiracy and threw them into gaol without trial, where many of them languished for fifteen years. He decreed that the escutcheons of the Alveira and Tavora families, two of the noblest in Europe, should be erased, their palaces demolished, and salt strewn on the ruins.

TWO MAIN SPRINGS OF ACTION may be discerned in Pombal—one a high and disinterested patriotism, the other a deep and malignant bitterness born of wounded pride. In a country controlled by the proudest aristocracy in Europe, Sebastian de Carvalho (or Pombal as we may call him) soon found that, as the son of a small country squireen, he could advance neither financially nor socially. A restricted circle of aristocrats, all related to one another, monopolised the Court and every high State appointment. When Pombal came to Lisbon as a young man seeking advancement he was good-looking, over six feet tall, with pleasing manners, and he was attractive to women. The famous Vanloo portrait reveals features of great distinction, finely cut, with a

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sagacious forehead and an expression of moderation, even benignity; there is little hint of the savagery and avarice which were to stain a brilliant career. Intensely ambitious, he knew that he could advance socially and politically only through marriage into the aristocracy. At the age of 25 he proposed marriage to the daughter of the great Marquis of Tavora. This from an upstart and an outsider, was regarded by the Tavora family as the grossest impertinence; he was ignominiously ejected from the house. He never forgot this humiliation, for which thirty years later he was to take his terrible revenge.

The other dominant trait in his character, his patriotism, derived from his knowledge not only of his own country, but of the other more advanced nations of Europe. Almost alone among his contemporaries, he foresaw that Portugal, in spite of great overseas possessions, could not compete with the rapidly expanding French and British empires if it did not adapt itself to the new methods of foreign trade. Such a notion was, to the aristocratic rulers of Portugal in the first half of the 18th century, preposterous; the very idea of "Trade"—unless confined to mining gold in Brazil—was completely foreign to them. When they were not at Court, they retired to their elaborate palaces where, surrounded by a horde of priests, grooms, mistresses, dogs, dwarfs, legitimate children, natural children and innumerable servants, they passed the time dancing, gambling, drinking tea and making love. When they were not doing any of these things, they practised the most extravagant devotions. In the words of the contemporary English traveller, Faringdon, "They sang masses in golden chapels hung with crimson damask fringed with silver lace and filled with statues loaded with diamonds and embroidered velvets. . . ."

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that Pombal did not emerge from obscurity until the age of 37. He had attended the University of Coimbra and then entered the Army, resigning from it in disgust because only members of the aristocracy could obtain promotion. He then came to Lisbon in his twenties, made the abortive approach to the Tavora heiress, and retired in dudgeon to his father's small estate for several years. He then turned to some relatives in Lisbon who played a minor part in public affairs. One of these, an uncle, Paul de Carvalho, was a priest in whose house Pombal came into contact with other priests and friars, all taking some hand in the political game. Although it was here that Pombal's scorn for the ecclesiastical profession was born, he was careful not to show it; and he used them for advancement. Together with his engaging manners went a certain liveliness in conversation and a sincerity which impressed people; and one of these priests brought him to the notice of Cardinal Don Joao de Motta, no less a person for a short time than Prime Minister of Portugal. This was Pombal's first stroke of good fortune, after years of frustration. In 1733, the Cardinal obtained his appointment as member of the Academy of History, to research into the family history of the Braganzas. Although it was a minor post—all that a man without noble blood could hope for—it placed his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. Thanks to this research work, he met a number of people at Court,

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among them a niece of the Count of Arcos, Thereza de Noronha. Undeterred by his previous failure with the Tavora daughter, he asked her hand in marriage. Her family naturally opposed the union. But she must have been greatly in love with him, and the pair eloped, escaping, it was said, at night through the window of her family's palace. When they returned to Lisbon as man and wife, Pombal found that everyone was talking about him. He knew now that whatever might be said against him, he was related by marriage to almost everyone at Court.

ANOTHER CURIOUS GAP in the history of Carvalho's rise to power now appears in his biography. Francisco Gomes writes:

> We will not stop here to describe the peripeteia of their love, curious enough incidentally to fill the pages of a novel; nor are we insensible to the silent devotion and self-sacrifice of Thereza de Noronha, but they do not form a great part of the public life of the man whose career fills these pages.

All we can surmise is that his wife must have helped him a great deal at Court, for three years later we find him Ambassador in London with special responsibility for commercial negotiations with England. With his great conversational powers, he had evidently persuaded people at Court that he knew more about how to bring Portugal into the 18th century than any of his countrymen.

In his own writings he assesses the power of England: "The system of Great Britain is to weaken the power of other nations in order to increase her own. Portugal is powerless and without vigour, and all her movements are regulated by the desires of England. . . ."[1] He was later to remember what he had learnt at the Court of St James, and to break away from the English tutelage.

His negotiations with the English were so successful that he was sent to Vienna. Here he again distinguished himself as a diplomat and made, for his personal career, an even more important advance. His Portuguese wife, Thereza de Noronha, died while he was in Austria, whereupon he immediately married a lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Austria, Leonor, niece of the famous Marshal Daun, whose quarterings were impeccable (her family dated from the 12th century). This was more important than his first marriage, because the King of Portugal's Queen was an Austrian, with whom such a marriage immediately found favour. When Pombal returned to Lisbon in 1749, his social and diplomatic position was assured.

What now remained was to scale the political heights. That ascent was not long in coming. A year after his return, the devout John V died, to be succeeded by his son, the indolent voluptuary Joseph I. In this monarch's weakness lay Pombal's opportunity; for the new King grudged every moment spent on public affairs which took him away from his private pleasures—hunting, the opera, the card-table, and wenching. Such a King clearly required a Prime Minister whose energy and abilities were such that all affairs of State could be delegated to him. The new King was much under the influence of his Austrian mother, to whom Pombal's wife was lady-in-waiting. This was instrumental in Pombal's appointment as Foreign Minister—although the knowledge of foreign affairs which he had acquired during ten years in London and Vienna, had given him an understanding of Portugal's international position which made him virtually without a rival when he returned to Lisbon. Within a year he had obtained such ascendancy over the mind of the King that he was his personal Minister and virtual ruler of Portugal.

POMBAL'S RULE lasted from 1751 to 1777, coinciding exactly with the reign of Joseph I. When that King died, the Marquis of Pombal (he had been ennobled during the reign) fell from power. But during that quarter-century he completely transformed the country. He curbed the power of the aristocracy; he expelled the Jesuits; he made profitable trade agreements with the advanced European countries, notably England. As he had planned, he converted the country from a monarchy under the domination of the Jesuits into a purely secular state, entirely independent of Rome. One of his first achievements was the restoration of public confidence after the greatest calamity any European capital has ever sustained—the Lisbon earthquake of 1755.

On the fine morning of 1 November 1755, when the churches were filled to overflowing for All Souls' Day, a series of sharp vibrations were felt beneath the city. They lasted several minutes, accompanied, as an English eye-witness said, "by a strange and frightful underground noise resembling the hollow distant rumbling of thunder. . . ." A sailor whose ship was anchored in the Tagus said he saw the city of Lisbon "waving backwards and forwards like a cornfield

[1] *Memoirs of the Marquis de Pombal* (1843).

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in a breeze." Entire streets collapsed; churches fell on their congregations, burying them in a mass of masonry. After an interval of two minutes a second shock occurred, more violent than the first. It was accompanied by a succession of tidal waves from the Tagus which inundated the entire port area. The river rose 25 feet within a minute; within another minute it had subsided, leaving a number of vessels high and dry in the city. Two thirds of Lisbon was destroyed in a matter of minutes.

Pombal's house in the centre of Lisbon miraculously escaped, as did its owner. He immediately rushed down to the port area and took charge. When the terrified crowds were swarming in the streets, panic-stricken survivors among the 50,000 dead, on their knees holding up sacred images to Heaven, when churches, palaces, counting-houses and hovels were all alike, a mass of smoking rubble, Pombal alone kept his head. After a first assessment, he drove straight to the King at Belem. Joseph I was irresolute and bewildered, rushing wildly from room to room crying, "What can be done? What can be done to meet this infliction of Divine Justice?..." Pombal replied with his most famous historical utterance, "Sire! Bury the dead, and feed the living!"

He then returned to the centre of the earthquake area, where he lived for several days in his carriage, nourished only by bowls of soup supplied by his wife, issuing orders, organising supplies, reassuring the people and rescuing survivors. Looters he hanged on the spot, prescribing that the gallows should be placed high on the roof of a surviving house so that all might see the execution. From this moment, he was regarded by the people with a kind of respectful awe. His impassive self-confidence in their hour of trial seemed an instrument of Providence.

The King and the clergy wanted the capital now transferred to Coimbra or Oporto; but Pombal held out successfully for rebuilding Lisbon. He selected the architects, approved the plans, oversaw the work. Thanks to him, Lisbon is the fine city we see today, built all of a piece at that great moment in Western architecture, the mid-18th century.

All these achievements, and the ascendancy which Pombal had established over the King's mind, could not fail to awaken jealousy and hatred in the aristocracy. They despised Pombal not only for his birth, but for his policy of encouraging the growth of a commercial middle class on the English lines. One of his decrees to which they took violent exception gave merchants the right to share with the aristocracy the jealously guarded privilege of wearing a sword. If a nobleman and a merchant were announced simultaneously in Pombal's antechamber, Pombal would receive the merchant first—on the ground, he said, that the merchant's time was more valuable than the nobleman's.

In 1758, the Duke of Alveira and the Marquis of Tavora were the ringleaders of a plot to assassinate the King and remove Pombal as Prime Minister. A letter quoted at the trial of the Duke of Alveira contained the sentence, "To put an end to the tyranny of King Sebastian we must destroy King Joseph." (Sebastian was Pombal's christian name.) The King's carriage was waylaid one evening when he was returning after a visit to his mistress, and riddled with bullets. But the King escaped with only slight shoulder injuries.

POMBAL HAD BY NOW built up an efficient secret service, the "Gestapo" of every Dictator. Lisbon and the provinces swarmed with his spies, who eavesdropped in the cafês and streets and conveyed to him every criticism of his rule or hint of subversion. With such an apparatus he had soon arrested the Regicide leaders. This was the moment he had been waiting for; he had not forgotten the humiliation inflicted on him in his youth by the Tavora family. He intended to exaggerate the gravity of the assassination attempt. He made the King sign a decree permitting the use of torture in interrogation (hitherto forbidden in Portugal). Under duress most of the conspirators confessed and, as we have seen, Pombal took his fearful revenge on them in the public square of Lisbon. But this was not all. His victims were far more numerous than the dozen or so executed so savagely on the scaffold. Hundreds of noblemen and women who had nothing to do with the plot, but who were related to its leaders, were flung into prison without trial, many of them remaining there till Pombal fell from power.[2]

Having dealt with the aristocracy, Pombal now turned his attention to the Jesuits who also hated him for acquiring the influence they had always exercised at Court. Their head was the 70-year-

[2] Here again we can see a parallel with Hitler 180 years later. The German Dictator executed or imprisoned hundreds of relations of the aristocratic leaders of the 20 July plot, even though they were not implicated in it.

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old Gabriel Malagrida, in whose arms the devout John V had died. Malagrida had been unwise enough to attribute the Lisbon earthquake to Divine Wrath at Portuguese wrongdoing, and he had published a pamphlet about it. This was precisely the view which Pombal, in his efforts to calm the superstitious populace, had repudiated. His explanation of the disaster was scientific; he had announced that the earthquake was a purely natural phenomenon. The inference in the Jesuit's pamphlet was clear; it was an attack on the administration, and especially on its leader. This in itself was enough to have Malagrida arrested. But Pombal wanted more; he intended to implicate the whole Order, and expel them as traitors from Portugal. He therefore instructed the Treason Tribunal, which was composed entirely of his liegemen, to identify the Jesuit Order with the Regicide plot.

The charge was based on evidence extorted from the conspirators under torture, and on letters alleged to have been exchanged between Jesuits. One of these ran, "I have misled Your Reverence in my last letter when I sent you good news, because the affair has turned out very badly for us. Our plan has failed. . . ." The Tribunal took it for granted that this referred to the Regicide conspiracy. The Tribunal's verdict was that the plot had been conceived with the Jesuits' collaboration in their college at San Roque, where the Tavoras had met them secretly. The expulsion of the Order was decreed; it took place in September 1759.

IN EXAMINING POMBAL'S ONSLAUGHT on the Jesuits, the greater contest—between him and the Vatican—should not be overlooked. The Portuguese Dictator intended not merely to expel the Jesuits, but to establish the temporal power of his sovereign in his own land. Pombal was a nationalist whose aim was the same as that of other statesmen in the more advanced European countries. But his position was more difficult than theirs, because he had no body of public opinion to support him. The Portuguese had become so accustomed to the Church's influence over State affairs that they took it for granted. He therefore used the Jesuits as a pretext, and he persuaded the King, through the verdict of a suborned Tribunal, that the Jesuits had plotted to assassinate him.

Pombal now turned on Malagrida, against whom he had a more personal grudge, on account of the Jesuit's attribution of the Lisbon earthquake to the misgovernment of the country. The vindictive nature which had destroyed the Tavoras now took its revenge on the priest who had dared to criticise. Malagrida was condemned to death for taking part in the Regicide plot. Clad in the robes of his Order, he was led out onto a scaffold where he was publicly garotted. His corpse was burned and its ashes thrown to the winds. A silent and terrified crowd looked on.

POMBAL WAS NOW all-powerful. Every class of the population feared him. The slightest criticism brought instant arrest. An English visitor in 1762, Wraxall, reports that the prisons were full to overflowing with prisoners who had not been tried. Walking round the ramparts of St Julien's fort at the mouth of the Tagus, he saw hundreds of them through the bars, many Jesuits still wearing the tattered robes of their Order, together with persons from every profession and walk of life.

The Regicide plot was the central event of Pombal's career, for all his subsequent acts derived from it, and it established him in power for 25 years. To maintain that power, he deliberately exploited the King's natural timidity, playing on his fears after the assassination attempt to place the royal family in complete isolation from the public. He usurped all the functions of the monarchy; for the King lived in a round of private pleasure and was indifferent to all else save the opera, the chase, and his clandestine fornications. He held no levées, no drawing-rooms and, except on rare State occasions, neither he nor his Queen appeared in public. Within two years of the Regicide plot, Pombal had reduced him to a cypher for signing decrees. He placed papers for signature before the King late at night, often after midnight, when the royal thoughts were elsewhere, at the opera or in the alcove.

Once firmly established, Pombal proceeded to introduce the reforms he considered necessary to modernise the country. These are his great claim to fame. He converted many of the religious establishments, from which he had ejected the monks and priests, into hospitals and alms houses. He abolished slavery in the Portuguese overseas territories. He replaced the Papal Index by a Censorship Board which licensed many banned works (Rousseau, Voltaire, and the Encyclopaedists). He treated the Court theatre to an unprecedented performance of Molière's

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Tartuffe, in which the protagonist was dressed as a Jesuit priest. He completely reorganised the principal University of Coimbra. It had been run by the Jesuits and had hardly altered its curriculum since the Middle Ages. 6,000 scholars were on its books, but only a small proportion were ever in residence. After a few hair-splitting debates on theological matters, they received their degrees without the formality of an examination. Pombal introduced examinations; established Chairs of Mathematics, Physics, Medicine, and Modern Languages; he installed a laboratory, an observatory, and a botanical garden. Before 1750, it had been rare to find anyone outside the cities capable of writing a legible letter. Pombal formed a corps of teachers to go round the country instructing the illiterate how to read and write. He encouraged native manufactures. Before his time almost every manufactured article had been imported, generally from England.

In his memoirs he wrote of this earlier period:

> In 1754 Portugal scarcely produced anything towards her own support. Two-thirds of her physical necessities were supplied by England. A country that depends upon another for its sustenance soon becomes its slave, and ready to be conquered without a blow. The English were at the same time the furnishers and retailers of all the necessities of life that our country required. Having a monopoly of everything, no business was carried on but through their hands. Portugal was to them a vast amphitheatre to which the Portuguese were placed as calm spectators, but allowed to take no part in the performance.

By the end of his reign, he could write himself in a memorandum for the King that native Portuguese manufacturers furnished "everything necessary for the dress and ornament of both sexes . . . even looking-glasses, candle-sticks and drinking glasses are made by Your Majesty's subjects." The British Consul's report that the import of textiles, hitherto an English monopoly, was now finding competition in the native manufacturers of Portalegre and Covilhao, is a tribute to Pombal's achievement. He also curtailed the English shippers' monopoly of the port wine trade, by founding the Upper Douro Wine Company which placed a large proportion of the wine profits in Portuguese pockets. To encourage the pilchard and tunny-fishing industry, he built the completely new town of Vila Real de Saint Antonio.

TOGETHER WITH THIS intense public activity went a more private one, the amassing of a personal fortune. When he fell from power, it was on account of this wealth almost as much as for his gubernatorial methods that his enemies impeached him. When the King created him a Marquis, he endowed Pombal with thousands of acres of land; and Pombal acquired cheaply much of the property of the expelled Jesuits and the proscribed "Regicide" noblemen. When he founded the Upper Douro Wine Company for the benefit of the nation, he also took a commission on every pipe of wine exported. Moreover, the directors of that company were careful to declare that if their port wine was to be of the highest quality, it must be blended with wine from Pombal's vineyards at Carcavellos. He was also condemned after his fall for building at public expense the only good road in the country, between Lisbon and Oeiras, his country residence, for his own convenience. He was also condemned for having built, also at public expense, the canal which took his wine from Carcavellos to Oporto for shipment abroad.

POMBAL'S RULE came to an end in 1775, with the death of King Joseph and the succession of his pious daughter, Maria I. Some notion of this Queen's devoutness, and the attitude she was likely to adopt towards the Portuguese Hammer of the Church, is supplied by a contemporary eulogist, who states that at the age of three she could "recite without a slip the *Te Deum*, the *Magnificat*, and the Devotions of Saint Atanasio." She released the hundreds of priests imprisoned by Pombal, and recalled the Jesuits who were reinstated in their monasteries. Pombal had foreseen what lay ahead and had decided to forestall his inevitable dismissal by asking for it. There was great joy in Lisbon at his departure; and the new Queen's entourage, all members of the old aristocracy, entreated her to bring him to trial. But however much she disliked him, to persecute him seemed disloyal to her father's memory. She simply banished him to his estates at Pombal.

Everything in Portugal now returned to the conditions existing in the time of her devout grandfather, John V. The French traveller Cormatin wrote:

> The disgrace of Pombal has thrown Portugal back into the languor he first found her in. The factories are now abandoned; the clergy have again taken command of the throne; the terrible Inquisition has resumed its jurisdiction. The workmen leave their lathes to join in religious processions; and the English have seized back the commerce that was escaping them.

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Most of Pombal's legislation was repealed. The Alveiro and Tavora families who had suffered so fearfully at his hands were reinstated; and the trial which had condemned them for treason was declared null and void. The mere fact that an institution had been founded or encouraged by Pombal was enough to cause its suppression. Various attempts by his enemies were made in the next five years to bring him to trial, and the Queen finally gave permission for a Commission to draw up a list of his enormities. But before it came to any conclusion he died, on 8 May 1782.

The horror that his tyranny excited in the minds of the Portuguese took long to pass away; for over half a century, his name was mentioned only in execration, and erased from all public monuments. As late as 1853, the Portuguese historian Francesco Gomes could still ask, "Was he made of bronze? Did he have hair growing on his heart? . . ." However in general after the 1830s, with liberalism triumphant all over Western Europe, his name began to undergo the inevitable "rehabilitation" known to all great controversial historical figures. Foreign statesmen recognised in him a fellow liberal, almost the precursor of their own reforms; the Portuguese began to speak of him with a certain pride. All the same, it was not until 1932 that a statue was erected to him, the huge one today dominating the Libertade square in Lisbon, enumerating, as the Arc de Triomphe does in Paris the victories of Napoleon, the list of Pombal's achievements. At the head of the list stands "Expulsion of the Jesuits." Not everyone would agree with this. Some might say that the city of Lisbon is his finest monument; others, the suppression of the slave trade. But his greatest claim to fame in Western eyes must surely be the series of reforms by which he propelled Portugal fairly and squarely into the modern age. If only for this reason, he deserves to be known better outside his native land.

Housewife's Progress

She spent her early years on the ground floor,
A place worked and willed
With much scrubbing
Among food and functions.

In the middle years
She ran up and down, up and down, her flights of stairs,
With trays, medicaments, messages,
Clean sheets.

In the later years,
She rose slowly into the upper storey,
Nourishment reached her somehow; warmth was adequate—
Not by her effort.

And the sun proceeded daily across her sky
Flashing its light into corners like a policeman
And she did nothing at all about the world;
But it managed.

She never dusted, swept, polished, nor opened a tin,
She lay in placid waiting
To provide, in time, her own quota of dust,
Of idle dust, back on the ground floor.

Elma Mitchell

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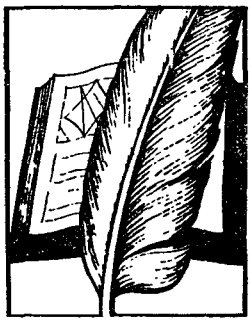

Column

SOLZHENITSYN'S *Lenin in Zürich*[1] is a strange and remarkable publication, and has had a less enthusiastic reception in this country than any of the author's previous works. Perhaps this was predictable. Solzhenitsyn is suffering from the backlash which is the consequence of over-exposure, combined with the hostility provoked by his bitter criticisms of the intellectual, political and moral weaknesses of the West. Emigrés should not behave like this; they should gratefully accept the asylum they have been offered, and do nothing to disturb the complacency of the society which has given them a refuge.

Nothing is more fickle than fashion, and this applies to martyrs as much as to anything else. People quickly get tired of them, particularly if they have the bad taste to survive their martyrdom. I am sure that many of his forerunners, otherwise well-disposed, found Jesus a bore when he insisted on rising again, and were heartily relieved when at length he had the decency to join his Father. What a nuisance if he had survived.

But there are other reasons, besides the fickleness of public taste, why *Lenin in Zürich* should have received a slightly hesitant and puzzled response. In the first place, of course, it is not really a book at all, but simply a number of chapters extracted from the body of the vast historical trilogy, of which as yet we in England have only been able to read *August 1914*. Solzhenitsyn prefers to refer to the three parts of the trilogy as "Knots", or "Nodes." I do not know what is gained by this peculiar, and in English awkward, nomenclature, and it would seem to be a slightly perverse obfuscation of a perfectly conventional literary form. But it would be interesting to know all the Moscow circumstances in which the opening chapter of *Lenin in Zürich*, which forms Chapter 22 of "Knot I", was omitted from the published version of *August 1914*; after all, Solzhenitsyn's conception of Lenin was central to the whole work. One would like even more to know why it should now be thought appropriate to publish these separate chapters, including those from the unpublished and unfinished "Knots" II and III, as a single book at this particular moment.

Solzhenitsyn himself tells us, in a preface, that the chapters were all written, or begun, when he was still in the USSR, but were considerably enlarged when, after his arrival in the West, he came across additional important material. This hardly seems to explain why "there seemed to be some point" in publishing the chapters now as a separate book; nor does Solzhenitsyn specify what "the additional important material" was. One supposes that he means those books and articles to which he acknowledges particular obligation in a note; but if this were all, one would like to know what other sources Solzhenitsyn relied on when originally writing the chapters in the USSR. The only references Solzhenitsyn himself gives are to the fourth and fifth editions of the official collected edition of Lenin's works.

THERE IS A CERTAIN ELEMENT of mystification here which tends to confuse and distract one in reading *Lenin in Zürich*. But a more important obstacle, from the point of view of the general reader, is the acquaintance with an immense range of peculiarly obscure historical references which the book demands of him. What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women are, as Sir Thomas Browne said, puzzling questions, though not beyond all conjecture. But they are certainly, for the general reader, whether he lives in London or in Moscow, not more obscure or *rébarbatif* than who said what at Kienthal or Zimmerwald, or why it was imperative for Lenin to discredit Bogdanov by a philosophical refutation of Mach. If one does not actually know the answers to such questions, and many others no less recondite, one must be at least aware of their general relevance and significance if one is to read *Lenin in Zürich* with any ease or pleasure, and from the great majority of readers this is too much to expect; altogether too much from Alan Brien, for instance, who, disappointed no doubt of a "good read", found himself instead the target for "a continual (continuous?) bombardment of proper names which sets our heads ringing even more dizzily than poor Lenin's." But the point is that precisely those names formed the essential daily nourishment of Lenin's thoughts and of his incessant correspondence; and unless we can find our way among them we are hardly in a position to judge either the quality of those thoughts or Solzhenitsyn's appraisal of them. It is not surprising, perhaps, that to this short work of fiction the author has felt it necessary to add some 50 condensed biographies (and his translator an additional glossary containing 58 items).

It would be easy to say that so much exegesis is required because, after all, Solzhenitsyn is a

[1] *Lenin in Zürich*. By ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN. Translated by H. T. WILLETTS. The Bodley Head, £3.75.

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Russian, writing, even though from a distance, for a Russian audience, and that much of what he has to say, while immediately intelligible to his fellow countrymen, necessarily requires explanation in the West. But this would be to misrepresent the case. Today, the great majority of the radicals and revolutionaries who preoccupied Lenin to the point of obsession and inspired him to polemics (which, however abusive, virulent and malevolent, are now as dry-as-dust as any medieval theologian's) are, except to a handful of professional scholars, as forgotten in Russia as they are in the West. Indeed, it is a major part of Solzhenitsyn's intention in writing his vast novel to recreate for the Russian people aspects of their history which they have never known, or which have deliberately been suppressed from their consciousness. They, like Western readers, will have to read *Lenin in Zürich* as if it were a fragment of a dead civilisation which we can only reconstruct through the efforts of scholars and historians who resurrect the dead and once again give them a life of their own.

THERE IS ANOTHER DIFFICULTY which arises in reading *Lenin in Zürich*, though this is one which applies specifically, I think, to the Western reader. I am not competent to say how far, in the Soviet Union today, the idea of revolution still carries overtones of faith and hope, or how far the Russian people believe that the revolution which they themselves made represents the best interests both of themselves and of the rest of mankind. In the Western world, however, the idea of revolution still has such a connotation for many millions of people, even though they may condemn some of the consequences of its practical application in the Soviet Union. For such people, throughout the Western world, the name of Lenin has a particular odour and aura of sanctity: it conjures up the image of the man who released the Russian people from bondage, and for good or evil initiated the most important historical event of the 20th century. The grandeur, the world-shaking significance, even the tragedy of the Russian Revolution are felt to elevate to a dizzy eminence the man who is regarded as its chief architect. Whether worshipped or detested he is accepted as the man who carried out the task assigned by Marx to the post-Hegelian philosopher: not to understand the world but to change it.

But can this also be the man whom Solzhenitsyn portrays in *Lenin in Zürich*? For his portrait involves a complete reversal of everything which we have hitherto, or until very recently, been taught to think about Lenin, not merely by communist hagiographers like Christopher Hill, but even those who have tried to look at him with a dispassionate or a critical eye. Solzhenitsyn's portrait is a profound affront to our convictions not only about the Russian Revolution but about how history itself is made. For whatever we may believe to be the motive force behind history, whether Divine Providence, or the character and the actions of Great Men, or changes in the organisation of the means of production, or the movements of anonymous masses seeking to advance their interests; in all these cases we unconsciously assume that, whatever else it may be, history is a process in which causes must be proportionate to effects, and great effects must have great causes. If we call men great, it is precisely because they are believed to be responsible for great historical changes, and the greater the change, the greater, necessarily, the man. If we believe that history is the product of other causes, whether God or impersonal forces, they also must be adequate to the results for which they are held to be responsible.

If *Lenin in Zürich* is any evidence, Solzhenitsyn will have nothing to do with any of this. His view of history seems to be one in which Divine Providence, the actions of individual men, and blind chance itself all have a part to play, though in what precise combination we do not know. One reason why one looks forward so eagerly to the completion of his historical trilogy, to the tying-up of all the "Knots", is that as yet one does not know precisely how his highly idiosyncratic view of history is going to work out in practice. So one is all the more disappointed by his statement in the preface to *Lenin in Zürich* that the trilogy will not be published "for some time to come." Is it because other preoccupations have distracted him from his grand design? Or is it that he has met with unexpected difficulties, especially after his arrival in the West, in working out the grand design itself? What is certain is that one can give no final judgment on *Lenin in Zürich* until one know how it fits into the pattern of history, as Solzhenitsyn discerns it.

THE VLADIMIR ILYICH ULYANOV whom we meet in Solzhenitsyn's pages is so different from the Lenin of accepted history that it is perhaps better to refer to him by his patronymic, as a means of distinguishing him from the person who, six months after the end of the book, for the first time assumed a prominent position on the stage of world history. During the three years, from 1914–1917, covered by the book, Vladimir Ilyich was, even in his own eyes, a man very nearly at the end of his tether, with no prospect whatsoever of playing any but the most minor and obscure political role. He, who had dreamed

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of destroying Tsarism and inaugurating the World Revolution, is now reduced to presiding over the "Skittles Club", the meeting-place of a handful of half-baked young Swiss radicals; and even he has to recognise that they are hardly the material to provide a lever with which to lift the world off its hinges. There is no one else to listen to him; at the age of 47, history has passed him by, almost literally, in the sense that he has been incapable of influencing its course or of foretelling it. Just as he did not foresee the Russian Revolution of 1905 and took no effective part in it, so in 1914 he is taken by surprise by the outbreak of War, and in 1917 has no expectation of the fall of Tsarism and refuses to believe that the February revolution has taken place until events make it impossible to disbelieve any longer.

What kind of revolutionary leader is this? The shabby figure of Vladimir Ilyich, in his weather-beaten *melone* and threadbare, rainsoaked overcoat, with his Tartar eyes and a sarcastic sneer forever on his lips, as it wearily trudges the streets of Zürich from his cell-like room to the Central Library, is that of a man without a future. Moreover, his emotional life is in ruins, as he is in love with, jealous of and deserted by his mistress, who though only a few miles away from him, unaccountably refuses to have anything to do with him. All he has left is his dreary devoted wife; as a revolutionary he recognises that she is perhaps the best mate for him, but all the same Vladimir Ilyich feels that he is worthy of something more glamorous.

As he walks the Zürich streets, Vladimir Ilyich sees around him, in jewellers, furriers, restaurants, pâtisseries, delicatessens, the accumulated *Scheisse* of capitalism, and this gives a lift to his failing spirits; for the only thing that really holds him together in his isolation and defeat is a savage and ferocious capacity for hatred, as if there dwelt under his *petit-bourgeois* exterior an angel of destruction. This hatred is directed, not so much against the obvious targets like the embattled capitalist governments of Europe, for though he had not expected it he had nevertheless rejoiced that they had plunged everyone, rich and poor alike, into the fiery furnace of war, but against the idiotic socialist parties and their filthy leaders who imagined that they could usurp a role which was uniquely reserved for himself. For such people, Vladimir Ilyich's hatred, loathing and contempt is boundless.

SOLZHENITSYN PLUNGES US into the torrential stream of Vladimir Ilyich's thoughts and feelings so irresistibly that we feel as if we were imprisoned within the skull of some uniquely lethal and venomous viper, whose mind and whose tongue have no function except to inflict death and destruction wherever they strike. The experience gives one a strange and frightening sense of claustrophobia, as if all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells of ordinary life had been extinguished; one feels that to live with the thoughts of Vladimir Ilyich would be like being buried alive.

From his pitiful predicament in Zürich, the detestable Vladimir Ilyich is rescued by two events for which he is not in the least responsible: the outbreak of the February revolution in Russia and the intervention of the German General Staff into Russian émigré affairs engineered by the millionaire socialist adventurer Parvus, a *deus ex machina* if there ever was one. These two events, almost overnight, transformed Vladimir Ilyich into the Lenin of history, and it is obviously a matter for considerable debate which of the two comes closer to the personal and psychical reality of the being who uses these names.

One does not know how that debate will be decided, if indeed it ever is. After all, we still do not know whether the Napoleon described by Tolstoy is closer to reality than the man of Austerlitz and Waterloo whom we know from historical accounts. There is a real sense in which the novelist may see deeper and further than the historian. What can be said with confidence is that Solzhenitsyn's account of Vladimir Ilyich in no way controverts the known historical facts about Lenin, and to that extent at least can claim historical accuracy. The other thing to be said is that Vladimir Ilyich, however hateful and detestable, is a character who lives with extraordinary reality and intensity in his own right. On his peregrinations round Joyce's Zürich he is as vividly present to us as Leopold Bloom in his walks round Dublin. The difference is that Mr Bloom was inspired by love and Vladimir Ilyich by hate; but these are, after all, both equally real emotions.

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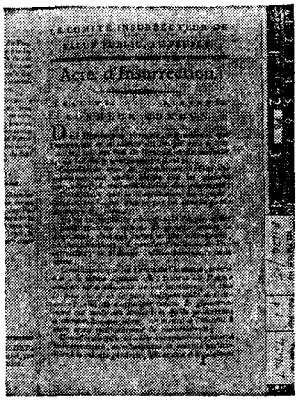
Gracchus Babeuf

The First Modern Revolutionary—By R. B. Rose



Leon Trotsky hailed the French Revolutionary leader Gracchus Babeuf (1919, in the first proclamation of the Communist International), as the first of a distinguished procession of revolutionary heroes and martyrs whose struggle had prepared the way for the Bolshevik triumph and the imminent world revolution. Shortly afterwards the main collection of Babeuf's private papers was bought by Riazanov, and it was placed in the Archive of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, together with those of other founding fathers of international communism.

French socialism had already established its own claims. In 1877 Jules Guesde stressed the direct affiliation of his newly-founded *Parti des Travailleurs* with Babeuf's "Conspiracy of the Equals" of 1796. In the "Declaration of Principles" (endorsed by the fourth congress of the French Socialist Party at Tours in 1902) Jean Jaurès honoured "*notre grand Babeuf*" as the party's great precursor; and in 1911 the eighth Socialist Party congress was convened at Babeuf's birthplace, Saint-Quentin, with all appropriate solemnities.

Important, if often extravagant, claims have been made for Babeuf's influence. Edmund Wilson wrote that Babeuf "bequeathed to a world that hardly listened . . . its first democratic vistas." Jaurès' contemporary, Gabriel Deville, discovered in him "the first conscious socialist" with "a very clear consciousness of the modern form of class antagonism." It was Babeuf, according to Georges Lefebvre, the great historian of the French Revolution, who invented the notion of a popular revolutionary dictatorship which was ultimately handed down, through Buonarroti and Blanqui, to Lenin "who turned it into a reality." Another French historian of the Left, Daniel Guérin, presents Babeuf as the inspirer of Marx's conception of the permanent revolution. Viktor Dalin, the author of the most recent Soviet biography, has discovered in Babeuf's writings "gleams of a dialectic and materialist understanding of the development of nature and society," and depicts him as the spokesman of the French proletariat in their struggle against Rising Capitalism, as the first leader of the people to recognise that the road to the achievement of communism lay through a revolutionary dictatorship—and even as the earliest protagonist of Collective Farms.

In modern Marxist writing on the history of socialism, Babeuf has indeed become something of a cult figure, an object almost of veneration, not least because of his impeccably plebeian origins.

Babeuf was twenty-nine when the French Revolution cut short his career as a minor expert in feudal land administration in Picardy, and thirty-seven when the guillotine finished him in 1797.

Born into poverty, he began his working life as a labourer in the mud of the Picardy canal construction. Without formal schooling, he owed the rudiments of his education to the moments his father, a brutal ex-soldier and excise officer, was able to spare from tracking down salt-smugglers for the royal government. His professional training as a *feudiste* was by way of an apprenticeship to a surveyor in Flixécourt, a rustic hamlet of fewer than 1,500 inhabitants. His master treated him decently, gave him a suit of clothes and new shoes at Easter (and even, in the end, a small salary), but it was not much of a vantage point from which to scan the intellectual riches of the Enlightenment.

Married at twenty-two to an almost illiterate chambermaid, Babeuf plunged immediately into

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a daily battle to provide for a young and growing family. He buried himself in the accounts, estate records, and other dusty parchments of his profession, with few opportunities for serious study or reflection.

The will, nevertheless, was there, nourished by a curiously innocent vanity. "I have to a certain degree the character of a philosopher", Babeuf wrote in a letter drafted at the beginning of 1793. "I reflect and meditate, just as Rousseau did in his day. The search for a means of accomplishing universal happiness is for me, as for him, a ceaseless study."

J. L. TALMON HAS described the "Messianic" impulse that drove so many heroes of the Romantic age to strive "not to describe the world but to change it." From quite early days in the French Revolution the same Messianic possession is apparent in the small-town political agitator that Babeuf became after 1789.

"We have that rare virtue of the Spartans, of a Decius, of a Cato", he acknowledged (in a letter to a fellow-member of the Noyon Jacobin Club), "in the heart of which there is perhaps also the principle of a defect inherent in our nature, I mean that pride, that kind of intimate vanity which persuades us that we are better than many of our brothers, that for the greater advantage of the world we are called upon to teach it (*le régenter*). . . ." By 1793 and the crisis year of the Revolution, the apocalyptic mood was completely in the ascendant:

> "Friends of humanity! I announce to you my book On Equality which I shall give to the world. [He never did.] Sophists! In it I destroy all the false reasonings with whose aid you have misled, enchained, and caused endless suffering to the entire universe; but despite you, people will learn the fullness of their rights, the will of nature will be no longer betrayed, and everyone will be happy."

A passage from another letter of the same period reads "I cannot avoid thinking about the fate of my wife and my poor children . . . I hope they will see in me a father whom the world will bless, and whom all peoples and all ages will continue to see as a saviour of the human race."

The "saviour of the human race" who wrote these words, be it noted, was currently living from hand-to-mouth in Paris, a fugitive from justice, on the fringes of the Jacobin and *sans-culotte* milieu, without role or recognition in the revolutionary movement. Yet from this time, until his last public utterance in 1797, Babeuf remained deeply convinced of his own personal world-historical mission.

IF THE DEEPER SOURCES of the Messianic personality are likely to be accessible only to the psychoanalyst, yet some at least of the conditioning factors may be identified. Nobody was more aware than Babeuf of the deficiencies of his general culture, and it is significant that the provision of an equal, universal education for all citizens was always in the front of all his political programmes, from 1789 to 1795.

For himself he prescribed a rigorous course of private study. Babeuf may be described without irony indeed as a self-taught *philosophe*. His private papers are full of notes from his readings, even if these are often from dictionaries, popularisations, and translations. In the years before the Revolution, while he lived in the small Picard town of Roye, he was a corresponding member of the Academy of Arras, and he subscribed to the *Mercure de France*. His writings show that he had the essentials of a classical grounding and a reasonable grasp of the main currents of Enlightenment thought. In 1796 his fellow-conspirators Felix Le Peletier (an immensely wealthy scion of a leading family of the Robe), the former Marquis d'Antonelle, and the *littérateur* and poet Sylvain Maréchal, all highly educated men, accepted him as an intellectual equal and even appointed him the master propagandist of the "Conspiracy of the Equals."

For such a man self-education served a vital personal need. In the years before 1789 study offered an escape from the crushing banality of small-town provincial life. As a *feudiste* at Roye, Babeuf was on the very lowest rung of the

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bourgeois social ladder, excluded from the tight circle of clerics, lawyers, and officials, barred from their salons, from the local Masonic lodge, from the town's society of literary dabblers. Babeuf's correspondence with the secretary of the Academy of Arras and his private studies provided a salve for the bitter resentments and frustrations that stemmed from his social insignificance. In the Republic of Reason there was no social hierarchy, only the superiority of the enlightened intellect over the unenlightened. All men, moreover, were accessible to reason, so that the discoverers of great truths could hope for honour and regard.

Despite his occasional despairing denunciations of the apathy, the unreason, and the prejudice of the majority, Babeuf always retained the compelling faith in the triumphant power of the Word that is a frequent characteristic of the autodidact. His arguments follow a Cartesian pattern and move from their premises by clear and logical steps to inescapable conclusions; often the structure is completed by a methodical series of refutations of objections to demonstrate that the truth adduced is the only possible truth.

Through his painful acquisition of a personal culture Babeuf was able to vindicate his self-esteem in a world of gross social inequality. Through his belief in the proselytising force of rational argument he created for himself a positive and assertive role as a popular tribune that enabled him to transcend the limitations of his obscure and insignificant origins.

BORIS PASTERNAK ONCE WROTE that "Revolutions are made by fanatical men of action with one-track minds, men who are narrow-minded to the point of genius." Jacob Talmon defines the essence of revolutionary extremism as "totalitarian Messianism"—"a state of mind, a way of feeling, a pattern of mental, emotional and behaviouristic elements best compared to a set of attitudes engendered by a religion. . . ." Crane Brinton identifies "orthodox and successful extremists" as "crusaders, fanatics, ascetics, men who seek to bring heaven to earth." If the revolutionary extremist exists at all as an identifiable type, he exists in purest incarnation as Gracchus Babeuf. No other revolutionary better fits the description "narrow-minded to the point of genius." Few have defined their heaven more clearly, or crusaded so fanatically, so ascetically, so *religiously* to bring it to earth.

From his earliest political tract, the *Cadastre perpétuel* (published at the beginning of the Revolution), Babeuf reveals himself as dominated by a single transcendent vision of human equality. The personal springs of this vision again are not difficult to identify. In the artisan streets of Saint-Quentin, inequality and poverty were important concrete realities. Of Babeuf's twelve brothers and sisters only three survived into adulthood. The displaced peasants, unemployed artisans, and toil-worn labourers who shared Babeuf's tasks on the Picardy canal were another object lesson of the realities of life in 18th-century Picardy. The experience of Babeuf's own professional struggles (which culminated in virtual bankruptcy), his constantly expressed anxieties about the education and future of his children, fed his bitterness against the exclusive upper-class of Roye.

From the first, Babeuf fought for a social revolution which would complete the political revolution of 1789 by redistributing wealth and equalising consumption. At first, in the *Cadastre perpétuel* his solution was gradual and moderate: a kind of primitive welfare state, with free baptism and burials, free universal education, free medical services, state relief for the unemployed and for those in poverty such as the aged, widows, and invalids. All this was to be paid for by the rich through a system of universal, progressive, direct taxation.

At a later stage of the Revolution Babeuf defended a more radical solution. His "Agrarian Law" proposed an actual redistribution of the land to provide a multitude of holdings large enough to maintain a family in frugal ease. His first proposal was that the nationalised church lands should be leased to propertyless peasants. Next he suggested that feudal domain lands should be resumed by the state and disposed in the same manner; then that the lands of counter-revolutionary rebels should be distributed amongst the soldiers of the republic. Not until 1795 and 1796 did the final mature doctrine of communism take shape.

The circumstances of this final crystallisation are revealing. After a chequered career as a revolutionary agitator and administrator, first in Picardy and then in Paris, Babeuf had emerged in 1794, after the overthrow of Robespierre, as a leader of the *sans-culotte* resistance in Paris to a "Thermidorian reaction" which sought to return France to bourgeois "normality" after the disruptions of Jacobin militance and the Reign of Terror. Arrested, and imprisoned throughout most of 1795, on his release Babeuf refounded his influential journal, the *Tribun du peuple*. Again he took the lead in the popular opposition to France's new government, the Directory. Ultimately, in the Spring of 1796 a group of diehards joined Babeuf in organising the desperate "Conspiracy of the Equals" which sought to overthrow the Directory.

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THE BROAD OUTLINES of the communist objectives of the conspiracy, as outlined in 1828 by Buonarroti (one of the conspirators), have long been known; other details may be gleaned from Babeuf's correspondence, the various publications of the conspiracy, and evidence presented at the state trial of the conspirators at Vendôme in 1797.

The central pivot of Babeuf's communism was the absolute equality of consumption, (*égalité parfaite* or *égalité réelle*), of which the complement was the common enjoyment of the fruits, or *le bonheur commun*.

What the system of *le bonheur commun* was to mean in practice was defined most clearly in a "Project for an Economic Decree" drafted by the conspirators. Here, citizens were guaranteed, in return for abandoning all personal property rights,

> a healthy, commodious and properly furnished place to live; clothes for work or leisure of cotton or wool, in conformity with the national costume; laundry, lighting and heating; a sufficient quantity of foodstuffs as bread, meat, game, fish, eggs, butter or oil, wine and other drinks, as customary in the different regions, vegetables, fruits, seasonings and other objects which collectively make up a modest and frugal sufficiency.

Free medical attention and free education were to be made available as well.

All this was to be accomplished by the bureaucratic organisation of the collection and distribution of commodities. Both private ownership and private trade would disappear. Foodstuffs, crops, and manufactured goods would be deposited by the peasants or artisans in common storehouses administered by a corps of magistrates who would supervise selection and storage, keep a register of people and goods, and redistribute the contents on the approved basis of absolute equality. The administrators were allocated extensive powers. They were to form part of a national system, in which the surplus products of one Department or region could be exchanged for those of another, and to organise international trade. The economic administration was even to have some responsibility for the organisation of production. Its members were to see to the dissemination of the knowledge of new inventions capable of simplifying and lightening labour. They were to regulate production according to a calculation of need, by assigning a fixed output to each producer, by determining the number of workers employed in each craft, and by controlling the number of young men allowed to enter any craft or profession.

A bald summary of such practical details does not do justice to the millenarian passion which inspired the Equals. Like most communists, Babeuf and Buonarroti were less concerned with filling bellies than with building a new and better moral order for mankind. "In the regenerated society", Babeuf wrote from his prison cell at Arras,

> "there will be neither high nor low, neither first nor last; the efforts, like the intentions of all the 'associated' . . . will constantly converge on the great fraternal goal, the common prosperity, the inexhaustible and perpetual mine of individual well-being. Equity, loyalty, probity, sincerity at all times and in all places. Everyone will have his function which he exercises conscientiously, and which shall cause him to live happily and no more, for the need is for happiness for all equally shared by all."

Ultimately the new doctrines were destined to spread across the frontiers, "and step by step, frontiers, customs posts and bad governments would disappear", until finally "the great principle of equality, or universal fraternity would become the sole religion of the peoples."

Many features of this dream of equality and universal fraternity were not original, and were borrowed more or less directly from the Utopian speculations of the Enlightenment. Indeed, in his final speech before the Court of Vendôme, Babeuf cited for the defence Rousseau, the Abbé Morelly's *Code de la Nature* (which contemporaries attributed to Diderot), and passages from Mably in which something very much like the economic administration of the National Community was directly anticipated.

WHAT SET BABEUF APART from such literary precursors was not the visionary boldness of his speculations, but the practical political programme by which he proposed to achieve their concrete realisation. Thanks to the intervention of Buonarroti, the 19th century took this to be a programme for the imposition of communism by means of the revolutionary dictatorship of an élite. It was this tradition, received by Blanqui in the 1830s, that was handed down by way of Tkachev and other Russian élitists to Lenin and the Russian Bolsheviks.

In fact the historical reality is more complex. It is true that Babeuf did, reluctantly, come to accept the need for a revolutionary dictatorship in the end. But it was not Lenin's (or even Blanqui's) kind of dictatorship, nor was its objective the imposition of communism by force. The briefest consideration of Babeuf's revolutionary career shows him to have been consistently an advocate of the broadest and most effective mass democracy. It was to be a representative system based on universal suffrage, but modified by the devices of direct democracy: mandate, recall, and referendum. When the Vendôme Court condemned him to death in 1797 it was for advocating the democratic Consti-

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tution of 1793, and not for plotting communist dictatorship. Accurately, if ironically, Babeuf's first reputation, which lasted for a generation, was as a martyr for democracy. It was Buonarroti who transformed him into a martyr for communism.

So influential did the new tradition of Babeuf as "the great apostle of despotic communism" become that Professor Talmon felt obliged to devote a full third of *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* (1952) to the Babouvists.

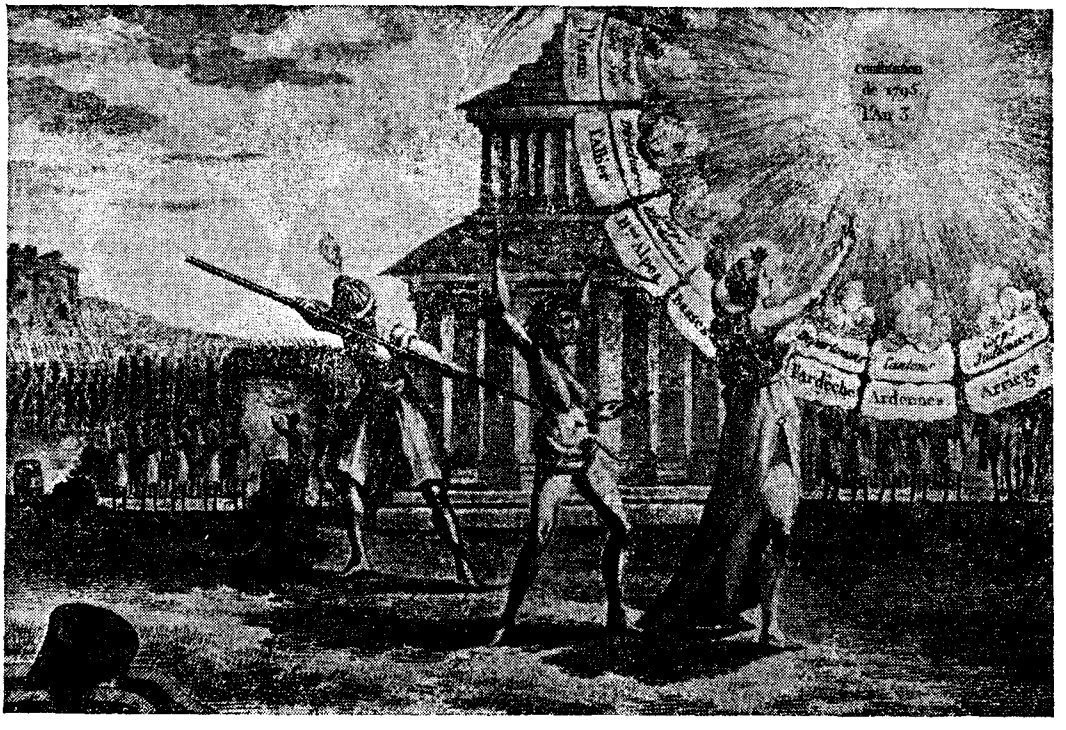
There was, in truth, a contradiction at the heart of Babeuf's political philosophy, although it was to a large extent a contradiction imposed by circumstances rather than the fatal Rousseauist flaw identified by Talmon. In the early years of the Revolution, during his period as a revolutionary activist in Picardy between 1789 and 1792, Babeuf had pinned his faith on the methods of political democracy (or "the force of the people", as he termed it), applied through petitions, elections, and demonstrations. By 1795 that route to political power and influence had been closed. The Constitution of 1793 had been suspended by Robespierre; Robespierre himself had been finished off by the Thermidorians in 1794. The Paris uprising of *Prairial* (in May 1795) had marked the death agony of the *sans-culotte* movement.

While the democrats, Jacobins, and *sans-culotte* leaders rotted in prisons or hid from the royalist gangs outside, behind the cover of the repression the Thermidorian Convention constructed a new Constitution, the Constitution of the Year III, which vested political power squarely in the propertied classes.

Already, in 1795, Charles Germain (Babeuf's fellow-prisoner at Arras) could see only one solution: a sudden, apocalyptic and universal revolutionary explosion of the People, carefully and secretly planned, and organised by the true and faithful democrats in advance.

Curiously, this plan was actually rejected by Babeuf in 1795 as unrealistic. The defect in Germain's scheme, he explained, was the impossibility of adequately preparing the people under the existing conditions. Instead, the hired hacks and propagandists of the existing régime would always be able to represent the uprising as the work of "brigands, incendiaries, gangsters", and it would be greeted by the masses with apathy, if not with outright hostility.

BABEUF'S SOLUTION was quite different. The insurgents should not attempt to overthrow the state overnight. They should instead seek out a "centre of population", where conditions were particularly favourable and there launch a *Vendée Républicaine*, that is to say, an ultra-republican version of the regional rebellion sponsored by the Royalists in the West of France. Having established their base the new rebels



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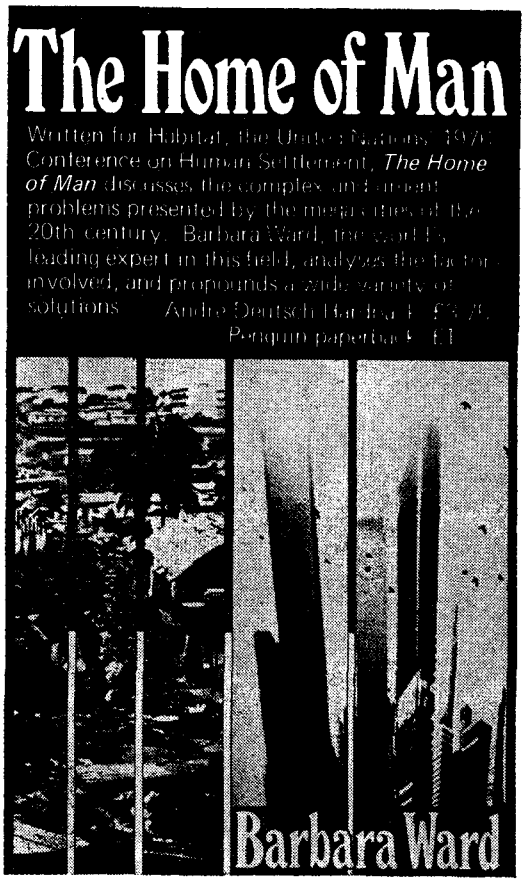
could then launch their communist experiment, and allow its fame to spread, thus bringing about a steady extension and consolidation of the social revolution. Only in this way could the uprising be based firmly on the understanding of the people, which was essential for success.

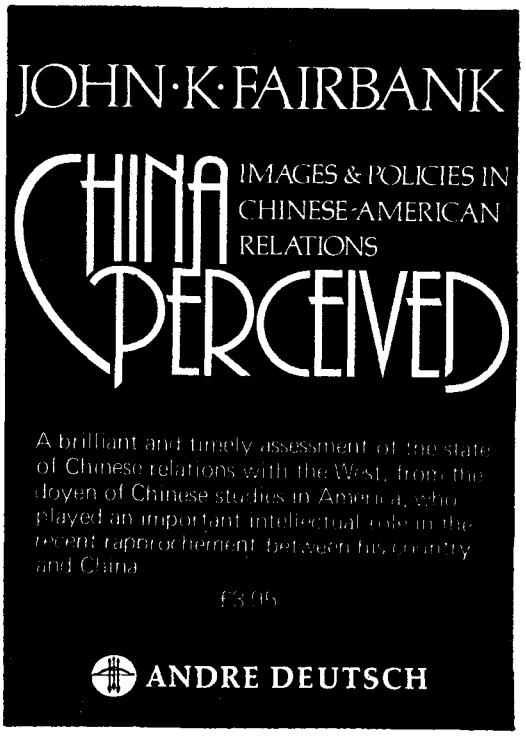
The close parallel between Babeuf's preferred tactics and those adopted by Mao Tse-tung at Yenan or Che Guevara in Bolivia is striking. In point of fact, however, there was to be no Republican *Vendée*. Instead, the twists and turns of French Revolutionary politics took Babeuf back to Paris at the end of 1795, where he was released from prison. For a time (in the autumn of 1795 and early 1796) the contradictions within the régime of the Directory made it appear as if there might, after all, be possibilities of progress within a framework of gradualism and constitutionalism.

On the one hand, the social base of the Directory was the propertied classes, the *honnête gens*. On the other, its political personnel largely comprised the new men of the Revolution, professional revolutionaries, whose support was needed to keep at bay the "Royalists" (a convenient term for all the non- and anti-revolutionary forces in the country). At first the Directory allowed a certain amount of freedom of action to the ex-Jacobins, democrats, and former Terrorists, permitting them to publish their views. They could even form political clubs.

Once the régime had consolidated its position, Carnot's conservative influence outweighed Barras's opportunism; the need to conciliate the Left was less strongly felt; and the curtain began to come down again. By March 1796 the clubs had been closed, the radical journals shut down and their editors driven underground. It was at this point that Charles Germain's project for a sudden, organised seizure of power at the centre began to look like good sense to the frustrated irreconcilables. They began to plan the overthrow of the Directory.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE EQUALS as it now took shape was in truth a remote anticipation of Trotsky's "permanent revolution." That is to say, it encompassed two revolutions that were to be put into effect simultaneously. The first was a *political* revolution in which an uprising of the People, directed by the central insurrectionary committee and its agents, would overthrow the Directory and impose something very close to a return to Robespierre's "revolutionary government" of 1793–4. This would be accomplished as a first step towards inauguration of the democratic constitution of 1793. At the same time, beginning on the day of the uprising, a start

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would be made on the second, *social* revolution: the construction of a new communist order.

All state and municipal property, all church and émigré lands still in the hands of the state, would be immediately vested (together with the property of the "enemies of the republic") in a so-called "National Community," the communist sector of the economy. All citizens would then be invited to join the Community, surrendering their property voluntarily as they did so.

Various administrative measures were proposed to encourage the laggards to join. All taxes were to be borne by private property and none by the National Community. At death all privately-owned property was to revert to the Community. Within one generation, therefore, the revolution would have been complete and the National Community would have absorbed all France.

For such a programme of "permanent" or "uninterrupted" Revolution to have any chance of success, it was necessary to postulate a period of revolutionary dictatorship. Their prison experience and their struggle against the Directory had already welded the "Babouvists" (or "Equals") into a conscious élite, ready to accept responsibility for guiding the people through the transitional stage from present corruption to ultimate virtue. How long that "transitional stage" was expected to last is a matter of conjecture—for, owing to the treason of one conspirator and the strength of the forces of order, the *jour du peuple* never came. In his famous 1828 account of the Conspiracy, Buonarroti wrote in terms only of a gradual extension of self-government in proportion as the citizens of the National Community would be transformed by their experience of communism. He implied at least a generation of dictatorship.

It seems unlikely that the conspirators took such a pessimistic view in 1796, and there is evidence that they anticipated the necessity of a much shorter period of extraordinary government.

THE CRISIS of 1796 posed a special problem for Babeuf. Throughout his political career he had adopted the role of the tribune of the people, constantly vigilant, against tyrannical governments. In the early years of the Revolution his target had been "the moderates", striving to exclude the mass of the people from political power. After Thermidor he had emerged as an acute critic of Robespierre's Revolutionary Government and of its Thermidorian continuators. In 1795 he had taken the lead in the attack on the undemocratic constitution of the Year III and on the Directory.

Now, in 1796, for the first time, Babeuf was

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compelled to come to terms with the fact that the People itself had deserted the cause. "Thanks to the horrible cunning of the Patriciate," he admitted in his *Tribun du Peuple*, the majority of the people were now the enemies of liberty. The contemporary struggle was being waged, therefore, between "a handful of consistent and energetic republicans and a coalition of the government, the well-to-do (*les gens comme il faut*) and the multitude."

Long since (in some reflections confided to his notebooks in 1790) Babeuf had deplored the frequent tendency of the people to follow demagogues rather than true leaders, to be guided less by reason than by tradition and passions. His writings had constantly stressed the need for "the force of the people," if it is to be effective, to be enlightened and organised by honest and far-sighted tribunes. But as things were in the Spring of 1796, the Directory and the Royalists had established effective control over all the public means of influencing and organising popular opinion. It was in this special context that Babeuf accepted the necessity of revolutionary dictatorship—as a temporary expedient, and not as a permanent institution. In his personal papers he outlined a plan for a dictatorship of not more than three months' duration. During this period the Republic would be purged of "Royalist" influence, and opinions would be enlightened, in preparation for the handing of power back to the people through the introduction of the democratic Constitution of 1793 (which Babeuf had continued to defend in his journal, and to which the conspirators were specifically committed by their propaganda).

BABEUF WAS ARRESTED in May 1796. In 1797, together with many of his fellow-conspirators, he was brought before a special court at Vendôme in a dramatic "show trial" intended to discredit the Jacobin cause once and for all.

The Vendôme trial was a paradoxical affair in a number of ways. In order to avoid upsetting the jury, and to counter the propaganda intent of the indictment, the defendants (Babeuf included) deliberately and successfully played down the communist content of the conspiracy as mere utopian speculation which had never been seriously put forward as practical politics. "In the present epoch," Babeuf declared, "men are dominated and corrupted by a host of evil passions, so that it is not difficult to see that the chances against the possibility of the establishment of such a project are in the proportion of more than a hundred-to-one against."

In his general defence, avowedly his "political testament," Babeuf depicted himself accordingly

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as the gentlest of gradualists, concerned only to lead the people to the light by philosophy and persuasion. There was just sufficient plausibility in this to make it possible for Babeuf's French biographer Advielle (as well as the historian Emile Thomas) to turn him, grotesquely enough, into a social democrat.

By a further paradox the prosecution at Vendôme failed to satisfy the jury that there had been any kind of conspiracy at all to overthrow the Directory. Most of the defendants were acquitted. Several of the inner group of leaders (Babeuf among them) were convicted of seeking to propagate and to put into effect the Constitution of 1793, and they received sentences of varying severity for this crime (the crime, that is, of advocating democracy, not dictatorship).

Meanwhile, Babeuf continued to wrestle with his own private confusions. During the preliminaries for the state trial, André Gérard (director of the jury of presentment of the Seine Department) interrogated Babeuf. Gérard was a sophisticated interrogator who knew his job and who knew his man. He was relentless in probing the weaknesses of Babeuf's theoretical position, hoping thus to break down the moral defences of his prisoner. On the one hand, as he pointed out in one of his earliest confrontations, Babeuf sought always to present himself as the spokesman of the vast majority, asserting the rights of the People as against an oppressive minority government. On the other, on the morrow of his arrest, had he not frankly admitted his part in a conspiracy by a *minority* which plainly intended to impose its will on the majority by force, and even attempted to negotiate a "deal" with the Directory? How was it that such true and pure democrats had managed to bring themselves so blatantly to propose to usurp the inalienable and imprescriptible rights of the Sovereign People?

Babeuf's reply revealed the extent to which he was himself troubled by the same questions. Firstly, he disclaimed any direct personal responsibility for the project of dictatorship. He professed that his role had been that of a propagandist and not an organiser of the conspiracy. Secondly, he declared that those who had adopted the principle of dictatorship had done so as no more than a provisional measure, to be effective only as long as the majority of the people remained apathetic and misguided. In his eagerness to exculpate himself individually —and to vindicate the purity of his own democratic convictions—Babeuf had thus fallen into Gérard's trap and volunteered a valuable piece of evidence which could be used against the defendants as a group.

For Babeuf however the question was one of principle and not of tactics; and, locked in his cell, he strove to find a really satisfactory answer to André Gérard's question. Ultimately he managed to draft a reply which he considered important enough to smuggle out of Vendôme prison, for publication in a friendly journal, at the end of 1796.

IN THIS FINAL APOLOGIA Babeuf defended not so much a theory of *permanent revolution* as one of *permanent insurrection* by a professional revolutionary vanguard.

To begin with, the vanguard must always be ready to act as the People's watchdog over the machinations of those in power. "Without continually watchful sentinels," Babeuf wrote, "those who are governed are easily misled by governments, which always have the art to colour their acts with the appearance and pretext of the public good." Secondly, there is the right and duty of organising resistance.

> "It is impossible for everybody to see an infraction [of the people's liberty] at the same time and to be immediately ready to rise against it. Somebody must begin and give the signal. It is natural that it should be whoever first perceives the infraction. Thus the initiative for the awakening, for the provocation, or if you will, the insurrection must belong to all, to each in particular, and to the first comer; and one should not reasonably fear any dangerous abuses, since it is not tolerable to suppose an entire Nation so inept as to allow itself to be led astray by false visions or extravagant suggestions."

The logic of this is that it is the right of the conscious revolutionary to call for insurrection at any time. If the People fail to respond, it merely means that the vanguard have misjudged the objective situation, and no moral blame attaches to the act.

This is certainly Blanqui's world, and arguably Che Guevara's, but hardly Lenin's. While there is more than an echo of Babeuf's primitive egalitarianism and his permanent insurrectionism in Mao's cultural revolution, neither doctrines are likely to find much favour in the contemporary U.S.S.R. Babeuf may well turn out to be a somewhat uncomfortable "founding father" for Brezhnev's Russia.

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THEATRE

Shall We Join the Ladies?

By John Weightman

ONE OF THE CURIOUS FACTS about the present show-business climate is that there are probably more transvestite performances to be seen in London than ever before in theatrical history, and that some of them are enjoying enormous success. *The Rocky Horror Show* still persists, after several years, with something like the doggedness of *The Mousetrap*. Barry Humphries, as the Australian menace, "Edna Everidge, Housewife Superstar", has been doing an eight-week season at the Apollo Theatre, which was apparently sold out as soon as it started, and has now transferred to the Globe. The Round House, as a change from the austerities of *The Ik*, has been given over to an exotic cosmopolitan troupe with a Franco-American flavour, collectively known as La Grande Eugène. The new Broadway Theatre in Kilburn (once the Essoldo Cinema, where years ago I saw that pure and bracing heterosexual adventure film, *River of No Return*) is filled with the raucous noise of The Cycle Sluts, an American company from California, so way out that the programme does not even give the performers' names but only the female nicknames they have in the show, as if their real-life identities had been lost in the sexual confusion.

These are all manifestations of male transvestism. On returning from the Broadway and with my memory still full of visions of garters and net stockings adorning unlikely legs, I began totting up the names of male transvestites now in business. Danny La Rue recently appeared in *Queen Daniella* and makes forceful contributions to *The Good Old Days*. Not so many years ago, I saw Lindsay Kemp in *Flowers* and, a few months ago, Hinge and Brackett doing their Victorian act. Many of the well-known TV comedians include transvestism in their performances, and may in some cases be rather better at it than at anything else—Stanley Baxter, Dick Emery, Benny Hill, the Two Ronnies, Freddy Starr, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, and even Morecambe and Wise—not to mention others, such as Frankie Howerd, Larry Grayson and Michael Crawford, who exploit the feminine side of homosexuality without actually dressing up as women. And, I suppose, the transvestite pub-shows, which have been amply documented on television, continue as before.

The first puzzling thing about this femininity or pseudo-femininity is that it coincides with the movement towards greater equality between the sexes, with the Sex Discrimination Act and the development of the concept of Unisex. There has been no corresponding outburst of female transvestism. Millions of women now wear trousers, of course, but they usually look perfectly feminine in them, because of the shape and movement of their hips. The tweedy, broguey, pipe-smoking, no-nonsense type of pseudo-man seems to have disappeared, as if that male image were out of date even for Lesbians, and the most high-powered professional women, without relinquishing their authority, now make a point of being feminine in manner and appearance.

Male impersonators went out some time ago; I cannot think of a single one at the present moment. And, in any case, the typical male impersonator in the style of Vesta Tilley could never have been mistaken for a man, any more than the usual pantomime "boy" was authentically boyish. But I completely forget that Edna Everidge is not a woman, although of a monstrous, over-powering sort, and there are two endearing "ladies" in La Grande Eugène who perform as females with complete verisimilitude. It is true that the programme gives them (in brackets) a female appelation after their male names, so that one wonders if nature has not been trimmed a little in the direction of femininity; presumably, it is always easier to take away than to add. But even so, can we not assert, without falling victim to the last illusion of male chauvinism, that, on the whole, men are much better at imitating women than women are at imitating men? It is strange that they should want to do it, but some of them do it astonishingly well.

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THERE ARE FURTHER PUZZLING aspects to the phenomenon, not the least of which is the variety in the nature and quality of the performances. The crudest I have seen is undoubtedly that of The Cycle Sluts, who are bearded, mustachio'ed and untidily hirsute, at the same time as they exclaim in a girlish treble and leer hungrily at the audience through their masks of make-up. They looked like a row of Hollywood chorus-girls gone wrong, bewitched by some wicked fairy who had made them grow body hair, and their singing and dancing were so perfunctory as to make one blush at their apparent lack of shame.

The impedimenta on the stage—a motorbike and two tin dustbins, the latter perhaps a faint tribute to Beckettian avant-gardism—remained unused during the performance, if one may call it that. Yet one song with the refrain "The universe is laughing behind your back" seemed to offer some slight philosophical justification for the queerness, and a programme note claimed that they were taking "the next natural step in an unnatural world." However, as I sat watching them with stolid dismay, I could see little or no connection with art. They looked like a group of mixed-up fellows who had had the ingenious idea of putting together a rudimentary psycho-drama and peddling it round the world for money. All artists, of course, peddle their neuroses, but art consists in doing something objective or universal with the neurosis; these people seemed to be offering up theirs almost raw.

Not so the transvestites of La Grande Eugène, who were as exquisite and balletic as The Cycle Sluts were sluttish. Their one unfortunate concession to modern bad taste was to keep the sound-system, to which everything was mimed, at maximum volume. Apart from that, all the details were witty or poetic; the dresses refined camp of the highest order, the movements alluringly feminine or just slightly guyed to give a touch of humour or pathos. Of course, one can say, against this kind of performance, that it hardly exists fully in its own right; it is parasitical on international heterosexual show-business, with imitations of Josephine Baker, Marlene Dietrich, Angela Davis, and so on, and I suppose it appeals most to a homosexual public which has the patience and femininity to enjoy these extended reflections of primary art. I was interested to notice that one of the most telling items was *Tea for Two*, which celebrates hetero-sexual love and conventional family life ("a girl for you, a boy for me") in the most schmalzy way, and which was given a fairly straight render-ing with only a wry twist here and there.

This show, epicene though it may be, is a genuine homage to the idea of femininity, which seemed to hover like a ghost over the "male" troupe. In this respect, it was not unlike the central part of *Flowers*, by which I mean the performance of Lindsay Kemp himself, as distinct from the rest which, as I remember, consisted mainly of dances designed to allow pretty boys to show their natural charms. Kemp is not pretty; he is plain, elderly and moderately stout, yet when he did his slow, silent miming of a "beautiful" woman, it was as if the soul of Marlene Dietrich were expressing itself through the body of Eric von Stroheim, a weird effect, certainly, but a triumph of some kind of nostalgic art.

In contrast, perhaps many theatrical male transvestites are basically in an ambiguous stance with regard to femininity in that they are playing on the incipient misogyny of the male members of the audience, who even today, or especially today, may be slightly uneasy about their depend-ence on women for psychological, as well as physical, completion. Danny La Rue's big, doll-like hussy with her blue jokes is surely intended to flatter the virility of heterosexuals with an easy, buxom stereotype, while Barry Humphries' Edna Everidge is a development of the pantomime dame, in other words, an example of hysterical female drive divorced from sex-appeal, and even castrating in its raspingness. Dick Emery's sex-hungry ladies fall somewhere in between; they are slightly grotesque, but one feels affectionately disposed towards them because, like Potiphar's wife, they concentrate encouragingly, if in-appositely, on the male principle.

I AM VERY CONSCIOUS that these random cogitations leave the problem of transvestism fairly intact, so I have been looking at a few relatively recent books about sexual peculiarities to see what illumination they might shed on the social and theatrical mystery of men dressing up as women.

The drum-majorette aspect of The Cycle Sluts reminded me of the illustration on the cover of Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckenridge*,[1] and so I went back to that and to the sequel, *Myron*.[2] So far as I know, these two volumes constitute the only imaginative attempt since Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* to see life alternately from the male and female points of view. Vidal is near to the transvestites in that the driving force in each book is the stated desire to replace maleness by beautiful but sterile femininity. Myra/Myron worships certain Hollywood female archetypes

[1] Gore Vidal, *Myra Breckenridge* (Anthony Blond, 1968).

[2] *Myron*. By GORE VIDAL. Heinemann, £2.90.

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and has a vision of turning all young American boys into "fun-loving, sterile Amazons." The aim is to make practically everybody join the pseudo-ladies, leaving only a few functioning wombs and a sperm-bank to carry on the race. *Myra* is wickedly funny, *Myron* rather tedious and laboured, yet both books, spoofs though they may be, seem at times to have a neurotic genuineness. Perhaps, if Vidal had not written the novels, he himself would have been a transvestite. They betray a wild love-hatred of male potency, and the most successful scenes in both books are those in which males are devirilised by Myra who, though "feminine", dominates as subject and objectifies the stud. The love-hatred is rationalised as sociological horror at the population explosion but one cannot help suspecting that it is a battle within Mr Vidal's own psyche, and one which is perhaps not quite in keeping with the calm acceptance of bisexuality that he professes in his theoretical writings.

JAN MORRIS'S *Conundrum*,[3] as sweet and innocent a work as Gore Vidal's two novels are diabolical, tries to establish a distinction between sex, which is the physical constitution, and gender, which is what the subject feels himself or herself to be in essence. For reasons which he cannot elucidate, James Morris, all during his early life, felt himself to be a woman, and eventually, at the age of 45, he managed to get his body to some extent into line with this conviction, and became Jan. During an intermediary phase, he lived as a transvestite, but the theatrical pretence was not enough for him; he detested the hidden male excrescence, and felt obliged to carry the transformation through to its logical conclusion, from which point onwards, he, now she, has experienced euphoric relief.

The story is well told, but the distinction between sex and gender seems to me to be fundamentally in contradiction with the desire to excise maleness physically. If the distinction is real, and "the sense of gender" does not depend on hormones or the glandular functions, why bother to go through the dramatic process of modifying the body? It would be enough to change the *signs* by means of clothes and gestures, and this is no doubt what many transvestites are doing. On the analogy of bilingualism, which is a comparable problem, I would guess that "the sense of gender" is not different from sex, but is in fact based on the hidden sexual constitution of the body, which appears to be in a very uncertain relationship with the visible organs, and which, in the case of transvestites, must be balanced to a fairly even degree as between male and female.

Consider the case of a bilingual who is equally familiar with French and English; when he is alone, he may have difficulty in deciding which to use as his "self-language"; there are two of him and, in the absence of an external interlocutor, he may not know which personality is the more appropriate. In extreme cases, this may cause a crisis of identity, so that the subject decides to play down or mutilate one side of his linguistic being in order to favour the other, and so escape from uncertainty. I once came across an instance of an Anglo-Frenchman who was trying so hard to be purely English that he had taken to drinking sweet white wine with roast beef, as if this gastronomic solecism would establish him as belonging more firmly to the English side of the Channel. An individual divided between the two sexes might find similar reassurance in a wig and a handbag or, if his balance were more uneven or his sensitivity to signs more acute, he might have to go all the way and alter the semiology of his body to achieve peace of mind.

A further sidelight on the issue can be found in *Loving Them Both* by the late Colin MacInnes,[4] an interesting little book in defence of bisexuality. MacInnes states, as a truth propounded by biologists and anthropologists, that "the ultimate human creature is the woman, and that man is a sort of mutation of this primal type." If it is the case that masculinity is a kind of specialised function which developed out of, and broke away from, femininity or hermaphrodism, the Old Testament myth, in an early rush of male chauvinism to the imagination, got things the wrong way round; Eve or Eve/Adam came before Adam proper, and it was he who was the spare rib which set up an independent existence. This would imply that masculinity, whenever it is incomplete, always includes a possible return to femininity, whereas femininity does not necessarily include a possible masculinity. Statistically, then, there should be more male homosexuals or more male bisexuals than there are Lesbians and, in a permissive atmosphere such as we have at present when, for various historical reasons, the male principle has ceased to protect itself jealously and to impose itself as pre-eminent, the intermediate types can be expected to emerge and to display themselves in their different ways, and to influence the theatre, which is, after all, a sort of thermometer of society. But these intermediate types are perhaps not so much rejoining the ladies as confirming that they and the ladies were never really parted.

[3] *Conundrum*. By JAN MORRIS. Faber and Faber, £2.25.

[4] *Loving Them Both*. By COLIN MACINNES. Martin Brian & O'Keeffe, £1.50.

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and a crow—carved out of ebony—
pushes itself through the rain.
I sit scraping the rust off my ancient coins.

Daud Kamal

Language Riot

Incredible how quiet
it's become. I have seen wars,
an earthquake,
but not anything like
this shot-gun peace. A branch tapping,
a lizard's click,
explodes the unused silence.
Empty streets rule the horizon
to a window frame. Outside,
three soldiers play a game of dice.
that rattles across the city.
I have things to do, of course,
inside the house; and friends who
telephone agree it's nice
to have a holiday,
though food is short.

A few miles from my personal town,
are roadblocks; and a mob
disputing phonetics with guns.
You can get shot down for a wrong
vowel-sound, or knifed
for a turn of phrase.
I have nothing to do with it.
I live in the quietest
part of the town,
where only the T.V. will stare
at anything nasty. Of course,
I do not hear those howling
slogans, nor the curt
military word.
That's not me
caught in the cross-fire, screaming.
That's not me.

Maki Kureishi

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I Cross the River

I cross the river and go into the land.
Here are the rice fields and untidy market towns,
summers that never seem to end,
and the thick speech of unlettered men.

A climate of extremes in all things,
and the earth's salt encroaching
on the farmer's labour. Friends are friends for life.
Enmities once struck outlast a generation.

But the old frontiers
were not worth dying for—a concept
or a way of life these abandoned forts defend.
Huge women squat in kitchens with their friends.

Kaleem Omar

Return to Rajagriha

When Gautam reached the spot
Now called Sattapanni
He was tired, but happy.
He walked further up the hill
And sat down on a boulder
Still warm with the sun,
And looked north:
Smoke curled lazily
From a clearing in the grove, below,
Where his disciples were busy
Preparing the evening meal.
From that eminence
With his perfect vision he could see
The towers of Kapilavastu
Where his abandoned wife and child
Still waited;
The tree in whose shade
He had received intimations
Of his destiny;
And the deer-park in Benares,
The place of his first acclaim.

The path from there to here
Was clear. All was orderly
On either side. People debouched
From barn and sty to walk that lane.
Gautam smiled. Some he knew
Would exaggerate what he had done,
Others renege, and a lucky handful
Follow to the radiant conclusion.
But he was satisfied
With what had been done.
Then he faced the East:
Here was nothing but wilderness,
Jungle piled upon jungle,
And snowy wastes, and not
A track anywhere to be seen.
Undeterred, Gautam rose,
Impatient to begin again
What only he could begin.
He judged what light there remained,
And with the sun behind his head,
He began his descent.

Taufiq Rafat

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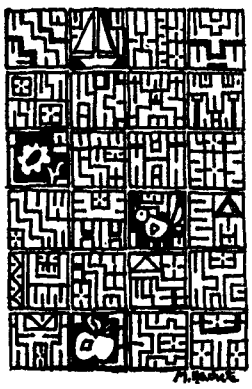
NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Australia

A Curious Case of Censorship

By Roger Sandall



MAY I POINT out that Bryan Wilson's analysis of secularisation [ENCOUNTER, October] overlooks one of the more poignant features of the modern scene? I refer to the new role of anthropologists as custodians of primitive religion, and to the conversion of ethnographic research institutes into bastions of religious faith.

I do not mean to suggest that every bright-eyed PhD candidate in anthropology today sees himself in a priestly role, or that he feels inspired by a religious vocation. At first most of them are as sceptical of sorcery as of perdition. But the creed of what George Feaver has called the New Tribalism is a proud creed, and its gods are jealous gods.[1] Syncretised with the pride and jealousy of the Old Tribalism the result is a powerful anti-secular endorsement of totem and taboo. Of course it is still possible to be both an anthropologist and a sceptic. Nevertheless both individual scholars and indeed entire research organisations are finding that the price of an accommodation with science has often to be paid on bended knees.

Take, for example, the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies. This was set up in the good old days when social scientists were less apologetic about their trade, and primitive religion was still something to be studied rather than endorsed. A culture was dying; and the Institute was to record what still survived. It was in this spirit that a series of films were made showing Aboriginal secret ceremonies—films which it was hoped would provide a secure observational basis for future research and a useful educational resource for Aborigines and Whites alike.

But this was not to be. It seems that realism can be just too realistic for its own good. Like most modern documentaries the films stick close to actuality. Unlike most modern documentaries this very feature was a bedevilling handicap. For surely, it was argued, if the original actuality were an awfully secret affair, shouldn't the alarmingly realistic film facsimile be secret too? Such was the feeling of old tribesmen adhering to the Old Tribalism. In recent times such a view had scarcely affected the march of science in Sydney and in Melbourne; the physical universes of tribe and metropolis were distinct, and their respective ethical universes were too. But now things have been changing. What if a secret ceremonial scenario were sent back from the film labs in Sydney and projected to the wrong people out in the bush? The ubiquitous projector made this possible. The thirst of Aboriginal communities for films of all and every kind made it probable.[2] To forestall such an eventuality restrictions were put on the distribution of the films to ensure that they would never travel unchaperoned beyond the city limits.

SUCH RESTRICTIONS satisfied the pride of the Old Tribalism—a pride of exclusiveness. But soon the New Tribesmen pointed out how unfair and wrong it was to allow white women and children and uninitiated men in Sydney and Melbourne to see the films while their black compatriots were forbidden. In sharp contrast to that of the Old Tribalism the pride of the New Tribalism is egalitarian; and as our civilisation has often

ROGER SANDALL *lectures in Anthropology at the University of Sydney. Between 1965 and 1973 he made more than a dozen documentary films for the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies. After being shown at the Venice Festival in five successive years (1968–1972) these became quite well known abroad, and special screenings were held at both the National Film Theatre in London and at the Paris Cinémathèque. But for the reasons he discusses in his article they are now virtually banned in Australia.*

[1] George Feaver, "Wounded Knee and The New Tribalism", ENCOUNTER (February 1975).

[2] Not long ago an SOS came in from a remote Weather Station which was under siege and being stoned by angry Aboriginals. The projector with which the meteorological staff had been entertaining the local community had broken down during a show, and they had had no substitute with which to appease the frustrated audience (*Sydney Morning Herald*, 4 October 75).

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found, this is an emotion which is much harder to satisfy. Those who most strongly feel it are apt to strike all-or-nothing attitudes: if all cannot share equally, then none shall share anything at all. And so it was to be. Driven by the threats of the New Tribals and their white devotees, fearful of alienating the Old, the Institute proceeded to extend the parochial ethical scheme of Aboriginal society (with all its prohibitions and resolutely anti-feminine rules) to the Australian nation as a whole. Henceforth only mature males with impeccable *bona fides* would be allowed to see the films.

The Institute had been set up to "do science", a secular activity. Yet in a curious way it has ended up "doing religion." In its own eyes the Institute may have seen itself as a producer of scientific records; but in the eyes of Tribalism, both Old and New, its true role was that of a manufacturer of religious artifacts. And having become an archive of sacred objects it was hard to refuse doing priestly duty as their vigilant guardian as well. In this way a scientific body found itself gradually moving from the world of fact to the world of faith—and from the dull routines of research to the higher excitements of revivalism.

REVIVALISM is a notoriously emotional business, and it was only to be expected that some of the more ardent spirits should have been carried away. Out in the bush, zealous young white converts to the New Tribalism took it upon themselves spiritually to fortify Aboriginals whose faith was on the wane. I remember one evening hearing an old Aboriginal stockman complain about the nuisance of local sorcery—he had been a victim of "bone-pointing" that very day. A young white enthusiast from the city gently corrected him. It was patiently explained that whatever its discomfiting effects on individuals, bone-pointing played a vital cultural role in stiffening social discipline and ensuring community respect for traditional rules. The old man shut up, put on his hat, and went silently out into the night.

But it was not in the bush, it was in the nation's Academies, that logic was stoically pushed to an extreme. If *films* could be banned, then why not *books* as well? Didn't they too contain illustrations of sacred *didgeridoos* and *churingas*? Couldn't they also make public and known what must never be seen or shown? Pursuing this line of thought one scholar at the University of Sydney, reviewing a new book of ethno-archaeological research on "The Foragers of the Australian Desert", drew the sado-masochistic conclusion that

> "In fact I myself have no business looking at this book and will immediately consign it to the deepest box in the darkest available cupboard; I fear that not all other Europeans in the area who may have purchased it will do the same. . . ." *Mankind*, December 1971, p. 157.

Such zest for intellectual self-immolation gave the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies pause, the more so since men and women of similar opinions loomed increasingly large among its younger membership. Now it has tried to come to terms with current events in a document which sets forth *The Institute's Philosophy and Function*. And it is encouraging to see that its tone is not wholly apologetic. We are told that if the Institute is to continue to do scientific research rather than to become some kind of service agency for Aboriginal communities, or a super-secret repository of Holy Objects, then

> for the time being it must be serviced and operated by people qualified to do so. Aboriginality *per se* is not a substitute for qualifications, training and experience in the *techniques and processes* of human biology, archaeology, archival work, bibliography and the like.

All of which is clear enough (despite the evasive definition of science as consisting of *techniques and processes* rather than an attitude toward truthful explanation which scientific methods embody and express). But will the Institute have the courage of its revivified secular convictions? Those whose ears are sensitive to religious overtones can only read what follows with misgiving.

> The Committee believes that the Institute can assist greatly in providing Aborigines with a repository of knowledge which can assist in the confirmation of those aspects of Aboriginal life and culture that are central to the whole concept of Aboriginal identity.[3]

It remains to be seen how anthropologists will succeed in combining the central western tradition of disinterested inquiry with the "confirmation" of Aboriginal life and culture—especially when the confirmation is of patently false beliefs about oneself and one's community, and archaic patterns of the sacred and the profane.

[3] *The Institute's Philosophy and Function*. Steering Committee Report. Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies (Canberra, August 1975), p. 53.

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Literature & Criticism

The Improving Hand

Hardy the Poet—By ROBERT GITTINGS

DESMOND HAWKINS BEGINS his admirable new single-volume life of Thomas Hardy[1] by saying that "the writing of books about Thomas Hardy has become a growth industry." Margaret Drabble, in editing a symposium of essays about Hardy,[2] not only refers to "the Hardy industry", but prints a concluding essay with that title. TV and radio interviewers sooner or later always ask one a question on this "industry."

The reason for the present spate of Hardy books seems to me so naïvely simple that I cannot imagine it will be generally accepted; this, however, is what I believe to be the cause. On 1 January 1979, everything that Hardy wrote, poetry and prose, comes out of copyright. Those who hold the copyrights are therefore furthering every kind of book using his work, and every kind of reprint and reissue of that work, before that date. As a secondary factor, those who are seriously interested in Hardy—such as myself—feel it as well to treat his life and work responsibly now, before New Year 1979 ushers in out-of-copyright Hardy to an even more bizarre kind of industry. What may we not have then?—a black musical based on *Jude the Obscure*; Giles Winterborne mouthing TV jingles, "If it's wood, man, Then it's good, man"; Henchard and the Henchmen hitting the charts.

However, for most of the recent manifestations of the present phase of the "industry" those who care for Hardy can be sincerely grateful. It has already given us a great deal of illuminating scholarship and lively writing, two virtues that do not always distinguish literary industries. The fairly new and lately very energetic Thomas Hardy Society holds excellent biennial summer schools in his native county, with lectures by an international team of Hardy experts. It has also very recently taken on the distribution in this country of one of the most valuable pieces of Hardy scholarship, Dr Lennart A. Björk's edition of *The Literary Notes of Thomas Hardy*,[3] the copious references to other literary works that Hardy made all through his working life, which Dr Björk has not only faithfully transcribed, but to which he has added an equal volume of his own notes. These latter show the mind of the novelist and poet at work in a way which will assist all future judgments on Hardy as an artistic creator and thinker.

PERHAPS, THOUGH, THE MOST healthy recent development is that Hardy as a poet is beginning to be treated as fully here as he has already been in the USA. Tom Paulin's new book[4] is entirely concerned with the poems. To crown this development, James Gibson, who knows more about the texts of the 950-odd poems than anyone else, has been given charge of the new and complete Macmillan edition.[5]

HARDY AS A POET is still an area in which people can differ, dispute, form quite individual likes and dislikes, find—a familiar miracle this—superb poems which, they would swear, have eluded for years their devoted reading. Above all, and perhaps blessedly, as a poet he too eludes much academic and pontifical generalisation. We all know by now what a gaffe

[1] *Hardy, Novelist and Poet*. By DESMOND HAWKINS. David & Charles, £4.95.

[2] *The Genius of Thomas Hardy*. Edited by MARGARET DRABBLE. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.50.

[3] *The Literary Notes of Thomas Hardy*. Edited by LENNART A. BJÖRK. Gothenburg Studies in English 29, distributed by the Thomas Hardy Society (Haselbury Plucknett Vicarage, Crewkerne, Somerset), £15.

[4] *Thomas Hardy: The Poetry of Perception*. By TOM PAULIN. Macmillan, £7.95.

[5] *The Complete Poems of Thomas Hardy*. Edited by JAMES GIBSON. Macmillan, £6.50.

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T. S. Eliot made when he tried to patronise and damn with faint—very faint—praise Hardy's achievements as a poet. Only Eliot's countryman, Henry James, has outdone Eliot's snobbish dismissal of Hardy's work as the self-expression of a self hardly worth expressing. One is at once reminded of James writing to Stevenson about *Tess*: "Oh, yes, dear Louis . . . The pretence of sexuality is only equalled by the absence of it."

If the test of a great poet is to make high-falutin' critics angry, then "the good little Thomas Hardy" (James's phrase again) passes in the first class of poets. Gloomily anticipating such critics when he brought out his first book of verses, Hardy wrote to Gosse "I do not expect a particularly gracious reception of them", while, faced with his own first American critic, Professor W. L. Phelps, a few years later, Hardy was "evidently pained" at the latter's somewhat casual dismissal of his poems, and took his revenge, it seems, by giving Phelps not the literary discussion he hoped, but an extensive lecture on the cats frequenting Max Gate.

The sole criticism one might have of Desmond Hawkins's new book on Hardy is that, in number of pages at least, the poetry gets disproportionately less than the prose. This, however, is only a minor niggle, and Dr Hawkins may justly point out he forestalled it in the final sentence of the book, writing "It is perhaps appropriate, then, that the poet rather than the novelist should have the last word", and concluding by quoting the ultimate stanza of Hardy's most evocative and personal poem, "Wessex Heights."

For the general and indeed often the specialised reader of Hardy, this is the best single-volume treatment of the life, the novels and the poems that one can imagine. For one thing, it is brilliantly compressed, and yet contains more significant detail than appears in books twice the length. One suspects that Dr Hawkins's experience of adapting the novels for radio has helped; but what the book really demonstrates is a lifetime of reading, judgment and sane evaluation. The often unusual, always significant quotation from Hardy's work, both poetry and prose, helps every idea and argument Dr Hawkins advances, and incidentally assists the reader himself to form a balanced view of Hardy, both for and against. Hawkins is not adulatory or in any way uncritical, and the warts in Hardy's work get full treatment; but so does the real genius that time and again evades any conventional criticism. Hardy's achievement is not tortured to fit any preconceived aesthetic pattern.

With the prose, he does the minor novels special justice, the bold "modern" experiment and only half-failure of *Two on a Tower*, the curiously haunting *The Hand of Ethelberta*, which he designates "the silliest and most interesting of Hardy's failures", with its totally implausible society dialogue, and even characters with "Restoration" comedy names—Dr Hawkins could not know that one, "Menlove", the amorous lady's maid, was in fact the name of a firm of church furnishers probably familiar to Hardy.

With the poems, he certainly makes up for any lack of space by great sympathy of treatment. He can even find lines of sharp, instant effect in *The Dynasts*, with the sniper of Nelson at Trafalgar falling to an avenging shot "like an old rook, smack from his perch, stone dead", and Napoleon's final Shakespearian speech, ending with the half-line, "This is my burnt-out hour." If, like all critics, including F. R. Leavis, he seems to give a little too much weight to the poems immediately on Emma Hardy's death—Hardy wrote better on her later, and even better on other women, at death, notably his own sister—he keeps us in mind, throughout his beautifully succinct and never neglectful study, of Hardy as a poet of sixty years' practice and growth, from his mid-twenties to his mid-eighties. Finally, the latent poetry of the great novels, particularly *Tess*, could hardly be better demonstrated.

DR HAWKINS SHOWS THE VIRTUES of one man's garner of informed thought and sensible appreciation, a unified and satisfying view. The collection of essays, and, in some cases, already-delivered lectures, edited by Margaret Drabble, has in many instances only the consistency of often-repeated error. One would have hoped to have heard the last of Hardy's supposititious bastard boy, who has never appeared in any of the voluminous records, private or public, and who only "existed" because, in Philip Larkin's remarkable phrase, "it *felt* true" that Hardy should have such an experience—a formula for biography which perhaps explains certain French historians, who, I am told, maintain that Napoleon won the battle of Waterloo. One would also not expect to have, in three different essays, the extremely dubious anecdote of Emma Hardy asking the Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum to suppress *Jude the Obscure*, a story invented—and even then half-repudiated—by that arch-literary-romancer Ford Madox Ford, and popularised, without acknowledgement, by Carl Weber, who reviewed Ford's book, had a controversy with him, but pinched the story which has been going for 35 years.

Miss Drabble had a team difficult to reconcile, and is hardly responsible for an uneven-seeming book. Her own contribution, a beautifully-written and perceptive essay on "Hardy and the Natural World", certainly raises the standard.

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It is notable too that Hardy's poetry gets full justice, even in essays which are not directly about it. Geoffrey Grigson, in his essay on the poems, concentrates more on proving that Hardy was continuously a poet, and provides a valuable sequence of sayings and comments on poetry in Hardy's notes, to show that he was always thinking about poetry even when he was not actually writing much of it. As bonuses to their articles on Cornwall and on Architecture respectively, as aspects of Thomas Hardy's "genius", Dr A. L. Rowse and Sir John Betjeman quote lavishly from his poems, and provide some sensitive incidental insights.

Harold Orel, in an article ostensibly about Hardy and the Theatre, skims briefly over his earlier experiences, and is not altogether accurate over Hardy's first attempt at dramatising one of his own novels, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and its ultimate performances in a version heavily doctored by Comyns Carr; but in his study of *The Dynasts*, which is what Professor Orel's excellent article is really about, he examines most fully and interestingly Hardy's use of poetry, dramatic, choral, and lyric, "to show how, to the grim historical record, Hardy added the poet's imaginative touch." He takes the "play" as really a highly-wrought dramatic *poem* about Napoleon; and that, for all the wisely-shortened BBC version, which Dr Hawkins mentions, is probably the most fruitful way of regarding it.

WITH DR BJÖRK'S DOUBLE VOLUME, we begin to arrive at the way the poetry and the prose were actually created, the industrious work of Hardy without which there would have been no present-day "industry." The word here acquires its true meaning, for Hardy was perhaps the most industrious apprentice to literature that has ever existed, certainly on the evidence of these "Literary Notes." We know that the "autodidact" Hardy (a description he angrily repudiated, but which is, nevertheless, true) kept laborious and detailed notebooks from at least the age of 22, and probably earlier.

The first, dated 12 May 1863, was a précis of all the European schools of painting and painters, obviously copied with great care from some text book read by Hardy during his early architectural studies in London. This was followed in 1865 by a notebook entitled "Studies, Specimens etc", the date coinciding with his first serious attempts in poetry, all of which were rejected by the magazines of that time. In 1867 began the literary notebooks which are the subject of Dr Björk's fascinating study and painstaking interpretation. The 1867 notebook contains quotations from other writers he has been reading, sometimes with comments, often with special phrases underlined. Swinburne, Shelley, Keats are particularly well represented, and even more is the poetic prose of Carlyle. These are—like those that follow in other notebooks—*working* notes. Shelley's lovely fancy about unbudded trees, "in which there is . . . the mute persuasion of unkindled melodies", was copied deliberately as one of those passages which "show the future in the present", as Hardy's note added. This is the Hardy who annotated his *Golden Treasury* for examples of simile, metaphor, and personification.

It is therefore intensely helpful, in studying Hardy as a conscious creator, to have Dr Björk's identification of passages and, very often, their parallels with other passages in Hardy's own work, the raw material of a writer's craft and its use. This is particularly so with the two much larger notebooks kept by Hardy, "Literary Notes I" and "Literary Notes II", though Dr Björk's present volume only contains the former. What he has done with them makes one look forward with eagerness to his second study. As it is, we have the notes made by Hardy for roughly a decade of his most prolific years, 1875 to about 1885, and the most detailed comments by Dr Björk on over 1,300 entries for those years. Fascinating novelistic uses occur. Entry 597 on the Pitt Diamond, "carried in a hole cut in the heel of the shoe, for greater security", is annotated by Hardy "Troublesome possession", and, of course, used for exactly that purpose in *The Return of the Native*, written at that exact time, with Christian Cantle's boot full of guineas.

Hardy's reading was omnivorous. Extracts from Comte's philosophic treatises jostle entries about prize cows from the *Dorset County Chronicle*. Perhaps most striking are the quotations from Zola, and Dr Björk's discovery of "a potentially significant overall similarity between *Abbé Mouret's Transgressions* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*." Since Hardy, when accused by critics, always played down his debt to Zola, this, like much else in Dr Björk's notes, raises critical and biographical points of great and fresh importance.

CONVENTIONAL SCHOLARSHIP can often produce such novel results. The new-look style of Tom Paulin's book on the poems has also discoveries to make; the influence, for instance, of Shelley's *philosophy* on Hardy, giving him an access to the ideas of Hume just when he was writing his earliest poems. There are other good insights, notably Paulin's alert tracing of Browning's "Toccata" in several of Hardy's best-known poems. Though Paulin chattily announces "I haven't simply resprayed six chapters and a

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thousand rusty footnotes" from his graduate thesis, the book retains refreshingly the excitement of a good thesis. It has plenty of thought, since its main object is to demonstrate through the poems Hardy's own processes of thought, and ingenious insights into many poems: sometimes over-ingenious, such as his statement that "Had You Wept", a poem to Hardy's second wife, is "a monologue spoken to Eustacia by Clym Yeobright." It is the sort of book that makes one re-read the poems with, at times, quite new perception.

AND NOW, AT LAST and not before it was due, the poems *can* all be read, literally and physically. Formerly, whenever one found that some intelligent person did not really know Hardy's poems, he would reply in extenuation, "Well, I can't stand that collected edition, with all the poems so close together that your eye can't take in any one of them." It is, I think, fair to say that the previous reprints of the collected poems put more people off Hardy the poet than they gained him admirers. It was exactly like "that scrofulous French novel" in Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"

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Now that we can read them, what about the poems? The first consideration to a biographer like myself, though not, of course, by any means the most important thing about them, is their intense biographical significance now that they can be comprehended as a whole. Like nearly every innovatory poet, Hardy had to create his own mythology. One thinks of Wordsworth, rejecting the classical mythology of the Augustans, and impelled to create a pantheon of ideal references out of the natural objects that surrounded him in the Lakes, where rock, fell, tree and flower took the place of the old gods and goddesses. Similarly Hardy, rejecting an easy

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dependence on a vague sub-Wordsworthian pantheism—though his first known poem, as this volume shows, was totally Wordsworthian—sought for an entirely new set of myths to fit his own very concrete and minutely observant verse.

He found it in a way which, so far as I know, is unique to himself. He projected the main events of his life as his own mythological system, and used them as universal terms of reference. To give an exactly practical example, after the death of his first wife in 1912, he tended to use in all poems—that is, astonishingly, half his whole life's published output—a mythology based in events, times, and places in the personal story of his forty-two-and-a-half years' relationship with Emma.

WITHOUT THEIR STORY—and this is one of the rewarding features of Hardy biography—many poems are a set of meaningless and irritatingly mysterious symbols. Take, for instance, the poem called "A Procession of Dead Days", which may perhaps stand for an "average" Hardy poem, not in the first flight nor low down on the list, and therefore a subject for fair analysis. It has eight stanzas, each representing a "day" of different character: the last two stanzas spread over one such day, so that there are in fact seven days described in all. The first starts at dawn and takes Hardy to a strange spot; the second is warmer, rosy and joyful; the third foggy, but bringing "the kiss" and new maturity to the poet; the fourth has "a rainbow shine of promise"; the fifth has "morning clothes" of "misty blue" and marks "a meteor act"; the sixth brings "an iron rod" of ominous aspect; the seventh and last is early in the morning, "bringing that which numbs", and depriving the poet in the grey early light, the "third hour."

The symbolism, baffling at first, is entirely clear when one realises the mythic structure. Each day is an actual event in the lives of Emma and Thomas Hardy. As in all his later poems, cold March is the time of their Cornish meeting, warm August the time of falling in love, foggy October of love recognised, June (or some summer month) of love promised. Number five "in his morning clothes" of "misty blue" is both a reference to their church wedding (morning dress) and the mild, September Keatsian mists, when the ceremony occurred, the month symbolising happiness through all Hardy's writing, as he reminds himself of that autumn day in 1874. The sixth, with its baleful "rod", is probably some time in the 1890s, when, as in poems like "The Dead Man Walking", Emma grew cold to him, while the gusty November morning of number seven is the hour in 1912 when Emma

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died. These symbols are repeated in all later poems; the falling leaves, blowing into his room in November, are symbols of death, August is always a rosy time of hope, even when raining. He has created a consistent, personal myth.

OTHER ENTIRELY PERSONAL SYMBOLS abound through this best half of his poetic output. "My friend", always in the singular, is always based on Horace Moule, Hardy's boyhood mentor, who took his life in 1873. The poems "An Experience", "In the Seventies", "Before my Friend Arrived", "The Dead Man Walking" again, and many others, use Moule's tragic death as a symbol both of living help and irretrievable loss. A whole clutch of poems uses the setting of a bleak and empty pond as a symbol of loss and parting, from "Neutral Tones", written early in 1867, to "At Rushy-Pond" and "On a Heath"—no pond described, but herons, another loss symbol, show a pond is near—both of later date apparently. Of the types of women that emerge usually anonymously out of the verses, Emma symbolises the adventurous past, flitting the Cornish cliffs, with hair "nut-coloured" and "rose-flush coming and going", while Florence Dugdale has (and indeed noticeably had) the "large and luminous eye" of "Had You Wept" and similar poems. Observance of these very exact symbols can correct criticism. Tom Paulin's judgment that this latter poem is a fictional address by Clym Yeobright to Eustacia Vye would not have occurred if it had been realised that Florence's deep-set eyes always symbolise the sympathy and care for feelings that Hardy found in his association with her. Poems concerning "the country girl", his sister Mary, use her as a symbol of the deepest ties of ancestral and blood relationship, another consistent theme in Hardy's verse, especially after her death in 1915.

In the sense that he uses these events private to his own life as universal symbols for poetry, Hardy is vulnerable to Eliot's gibe about expressing a self-centred attitude. The value to him was that it gave a set of referential terms on which he could base the deepest emotions, without fully giving his inner "self" away too exactly. Poetry could be "confessional", and yet have generalised meaning. This is what we feel about the most moving of Hardy's verses; never mind whether this or that girl or event or incident is being commemorated, the occasion has brought a response that forces itself painfully to our notice, without ever quite betraying its perhaps almost commonplace origins. We therefore find the most affecting and portentous meaning for us in poems of simple and often almost bald statement of what seem to be ordinary matters of fact.

In later revisions, Hardy often tends to blur

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the factual origins of such poems. It is therefore doubly valuable for us that Mr Gibson has been allowed, and has selected so admirably, nearly 30 pages of notes on the texts, though here again one can only wish he had been trusted with a full variorum treatment. These manuscript and other variants show how Hardy scholarship for the past 20 years has been misled by R. L. Purdy's statement that "all Hardy's poetical MSS [are] a fair copy with relatively few alterations."[6] Purdy, a superb bibliographer, is an arbitrary handler of textual matters such as this, and has little idea of any inner biographical significance. For example, his lucid note on a poem passed off as Hardy's by an imposter, and entitled "Two Roses", totally misses the point that there was a contemporary play with that exact title, whose association, for various reasons, would be calculated to embarrass Hardy.

TO GET BACK TO Purdy's original statement, it is, as anyone knows who has done any work on Hardy's poetic manuscripts, the precise opposite of the truth. Hardy was a born alterer, usually, but not always, for the better. These *are* fair copies, or rather they begin as such; but before sending them to the printer, Hardy has nearly everywhere made MS alterations of deep and sometimes far-reaching effect, at times changing the whole aspect of a poem. Purdy again claims to have noted "the more important of these" but he has not.

For the first time, Mr Gibson's wisely-selected notes reveal these variants to us, and not infrequently change our whole conception of a poem, a stanza or a line. For example, in "Wessex Heights", the poem I mentioned as perhaps Hardy's most personal, and certainly one of his most mysterious, interpretations has had a fine time with the "ghost" who appears to Hardy—

in the railway train whenever I do not want it near....

Eager biographical speculators have seen this as the same picture as that of the small boy in the poem "Midnight on the Great Western", and his verbal and emotional counterpart, the weird child arriving by train in *Jude the Obscure*. We have not, of course, been spared Hardy's suppositious bastard boy. Yet the original manuscript, silently passed over by Purdy, was clearly

in the railway train whenever I do not want her there....

a change of sex which blows the mysterious boy away out of the carriage window, and shows that

[6] R. L. Purdy, *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study* (1954).

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this part of the poem was, as Florence Hardy said, about some of the *women* Hardy knew. Gibson, incidentally, was not the first to point this out; but his choice to print this as the most significant variant in the poem shows the soundness of his editorial judgement.

Good editing, and biographical interest and insight apart, what does this new edition of the poems give us as ordinary readers of Hardy? The poems will certainly now be read, as I said, with more physical pleasure. The mental pleasure will not, I think, be much enhanced by the fresh batch of 28 poems uncollected by Hardy himself. These, mostly already printed by authorities such as Evelyn Hardy and J. O. Bailey, do not add much to our admiration of Hardy the poet, and in one instance lessen our love for Hardy the man. A man in his late eighties may do strange things on his death-bed. Yet perhaps more macabre than any story Hardy ever wrote is the incident in his last days, when he insisted on dictating two virulent, inept and petty verses about two men who had insulted him during life, G. K. Chesterton and George Moore. Unhappily, they show the side of Hardy which nursed mean grudges, just as much as it retained noble and moving memories, over a whole lifetime.

THE CHIEF EFFECT of the complete collection is, however, a more happy one. It shows us how Hardy, though capable from early days of a fine poem in his best manner—"Neutral Tones" for instance—improved, like Yeats, with the years. Probably his finest single volume now is shown to be the largest, *Moments of Vision*, which came out in 1917 when the poet was 77 years old. It is an astonishing achievement. The poems have acquired, even over those in the previous volume, a new maturity, a symbol of the slow development that Hardy noted in his own personal life. It is partly, of course, that life itself has matured them, with its recent happenings.

The death of his wife in late 1912, now fully assimilated, as we have seen, into the most powerful of poetic myths, the further death of his second self, his sister Mary, late in 1915, and the curious secret writing of his concealed autobiography, taking him back over poignant memories of long-past days, have given him a fund of incident, emotion and reflection, on which he can draw for nearly the complete range of human experience. The titles are endless and known to all anthologists—"The Blinded Bird", "The Oxen", "During Wind and Rain", "Midnight on the Great Western"; but there are a host of others, even more assured and successful: "Near Lanivet, 1872", which Hardy significantly

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thought to be good because it was "true", "In the Seventies", "The Head Above the Fog", "The Interloper", "The Five Students"—the list is endless, the achievement startling. So is the improving hand of the poet. The last-named, "The Five Students" is shown by Gibson (and, in this instance, by Purdy) to have had originally two extra stanzas of commonplace moralising and poetic cliché, which Hardy firmly and wisely cut from the fair copy before it went to the printer. "On a Heath" had a line which reminds one of the "University Extension jargon", to which even the loyal Gosse objected in *Jude*—"in close propinquity"—firmly removed and altered, to leave a moving if still mysterious lyric. James Gibson has shown us a great poet fully at work in his high maturity. All we have now to do is to read, understand, and to marvel.

About Suffering

Literature & Modern War—By BERNARD BERGONZI

"SOME WARS ARE LITERARY EVENTS: they alter consciousness, and so compel literary imaginations to find new forms for describing the ways in which men kill men." So writes Samuel Hynes in *The Auden Generation*. He has in mind the Spanish Civil War, which deeply affected English intellectuals and was regarded at the time as a Good War, almost as good as the Great War had seemed in 1914, before enthusiasm for gallant Belgium waned and bitterness and disillusionment set in. But his words make a useful text to start a discussion of some recent books that concern themselves with war as a literary event.

The first of them is Daniel Aaron's *The Unwritten War: American Writers and the Civil War*.[1] That war is often said to be the first of the really modern wars: it involved whole populations, was heavily dependent on industrial technology, particularly the railway, and killed men on a very large scale. Yet the literary responses it called forth were interestingly divided; some writers on both sides had recourse to the venerable rhetoric of patriotism and gallantry; while others, as the war dragged on and became more horrible, protested against the butchery and destruction in ways that closely anticipate the feelings of the English "trench poets" of 1914–18. Daniel Aaron's account is both detailed and comprehensive. It begins with pre-war manifestations, such as the mythologising of the martyred John Brown; it deals in an extensive way with the literature of battlefield experience, and immediate civilian reactions to the war; and then moves on to later accounts, notably Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, which vividly recreated the war out of imagination and reading. Mr Aaron concludes with those modern Southern writers for whom the Civil War still casts a long shadow: William Faulkner, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren.

Writing as a cultural historian rather than a critic, he is necessarily concerned with a great deal of minor writing as well as the obvious major figures; it is a tribute to his persuasiveness that he can make it seem interesting, even though one has to think of it as "writing" rather than "literature." The important writers, those whom an English reader is likely to know something about, were themselves divided in their feelings about the war. Whitman was a passionate enthusiast for the Union. Hawthorne, who died before the war ended, was a lonely dissenter from the patriotic cause, while Melville remained aloof, treating the war in *Battle-Pieces* as an historical tragedy that affected both sides equally. Mr Aaron's book is both scholarly and readable, though his historical approach means that he is concerned with the way in which the content of literature reflects public experience, rather than the subtler and more exacting business of finding possible connections between history and literary form. In the end, he decides that the American Civil War was, in literary terms, a non-event; that is to say, it led to no literature really commensurate with its historical importance. This is a reasonable conclusion, though it seems to imply that every big war should have its Homer or Tolstoy to record and interpret it, which is asking for a lot.

ANOTHER AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Paul Fussell, has turned his attention, in *The Great War and Modern Memory*,[2] to the war of 1914–1918, considered as an event in English literature and English consciousness. If the First World War produced no indisputably great literature, it resulted in a body of work, in poetry, fiction and memoir, which is still read and admired and discussed and which is likely to endure: Owen, Sassoon, Rosenberg; Graves, Ford, Jones. Mr Fussell is not just engaged in providing a critical

[1] *The Unwritten War: American Writers and the Civil War*. By DANIEL AARON. Oxford University Press (Galaxy paperback), £2.95, $4.50.

[2] *The Great War and Modern Memory*. By PAUL FUSSELL. Oxford University Press, £6.50, $10.95.

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and descriptive account of the writers and their work, as others have done before.[3] He is trying to do something more ambitious, which is to show the interpenetration of literature and history in the British experience of the Western Front. He is interested in the way in which the front-line soldiers' immediate experience was often apprehended in literary terms, and in the literary devices by which it was later recalled, codified and, ultimately, mythologised. Unlike Mr Aaron, Mr Fussell does not assume that literature simply reflects experience, however intensely; in some respects it creates it, or at least enables us, by providing forms and categories, to make sense of it. He sums up his approach in these words:

> I have tried to understand something of the simultaneous and reciprocal process by which life feeds materials to literature while literature returns the favour by conferring forms upon life.

Critically, this is a sophisticated book, which rests on assumptions that are more common now than a few years ago; notably, that "reality" is not a raw, unformed flux but is necessarily shaped by the categories of the mind in the very act of understanding; and that a literary text can never be a totally unique entity, however original in theme and feeling, since it necessarily uses and modifies existing literary codes and conventions. Mr Fussell brilliantly illustrates these considerations in a series of chapters on the categories through which front-line experience was mediated. He is marvellously illuminating about seemingly simple matters. For instance, the most crucial parts of the day at the front were dawn, when attacks might be launched, and dusk, when raiding parties would set out. The sky was always visible from the trenches, and sunrise and sunset were much more familiar to the soldier than to most civilians: the peculiar significance of dawn is conveyed in one of the finest poems of the war, Isaac Rosenberg's "Break of Day in the Trenches." Mr Fussell points out that a whole tradition of describing skies and sunrises and sunsets stemmed from Ruskin's *Modern Painters* —it is conspicuous, for instance, in Hopkins's letters and journals—and would have been very familiar to educated Englishmen born in the late 19th century. During the war this tradition directed the observation of such phenomena and the literary response to them, whether expressed in poems or memoirs or private letters. It was, as Mr Fussell says, a very literary war.

The young men of 1914 were at a high pitch of literacy. Most of the officers would have received a classical education and were extremely well read

[3] Such as John H. Johnston in *English Poetry of the First World War* (1964), the present writer in *Heroes' Twilight* (1965), and Jon Silkin in *Out of Battle* (1973).

Harvard

Communities of Honor & Love in Henry James

Manfred Mackenzie

This study analyses James's social imagination, examining the kind of society and social structure he tended to portray and the motivations of his characters. The experience of exposure, Mackenzie argues, is met with everywhere in James: identity and honour sought, won or lost. Secrecy or the use of secrecy in conspiracy, is a reaction to exposure, and cabal and conspiracy are consistently an element in the protagonists' quests. As James matured, however, he seemed to realise that identity and honour are ambiguous, and ultimately dehumanizing. Mackenzie argues that a final plane of experience steadily emerges in James's work, that of love as manifested in the capacity to sacrifice identity and honour. **£7·50**

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Marilyn French

This fresh interpretation of James Joyce's *Ulysses* answers fundamental questions about the function of its styles, the narrational and authorial point of view, and the author's intention in writing the novel. Marilyn French concludes that *Ulysses* is an epic of relativism intended by Joyce to rival Dante's *Divine Comedy*. It is a journey taken by the reader, who is the Ulysses of the title, in the company of a narrator-guide who selects the material and point of view of each episode. The full journey of the novel is traversed not by the characters but by the reader. It is a double journey moving outward to a distance from the world and inward through basic human needs and emotions. *Ulysses* is thus really an anatomy of the human condition. **£8·50**

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Essays toward a Discipline of Folk Studies

Richard M Dorson

In this stimulating book an eminent folklorist asserts that the teaching and study of folklore are a proper part of every liberal arts curriculum and describes his own fieldwork. Dorson's personal style is free-wheeling, even flamboyant, and he doesn't shrink from controversy. He analyses the media's glamorised Paul Bunyan creation and John Henry's place as a folk hero; he attacks "fakelore", the misguided popularisation of folklore, and introduces the fascinations of the new urban folklore. **£10·20**

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in English poetry, so that Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Keats, were constantly quoted or alluded to when they wrote about the war, whether in established literary forms or in their correspondence. (Mr Fussell makes effective use of unpublished letters from the trenches, showing how public and private modes of writing often echoed each other.) English poetry provided a sense of identity and continuity, a means of adapting to a bizarre way of life as well as a mode of consolation. To quote Mr Fussell again, "the *Oxford Book of English Verse* presides over the Great War in a way that has never been sufficiently appreciated." The Other Ranks, though less widely read and less given to literary allusions, were still part of a traditional verbal culture, not yet affected by the electronic media, and many of them naturally expressed themselves in the idiom of the English Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*. Englishmen of all classes, enduring a seemingly endless war, could readily see the waterlogged battlefields of Passchendaele as a literal Slough of Despond.

IN AN EVEN LONGER PERSPECTIVE, the poems by Owen and others that lamented the early deaths of fine young men were in an ancient tradition reaching back to classical pastoral. But they had a more immediate source in the curious *fin de siècle* cult of Uranian love, which produced poems of sublimated devotion to young men, usually called "boys" or "lads." Such sentiments, Mr Fussell suggests, might be called "homoerotic" rather than overtly or consciously homosexual; they have evident roots in the culture of the public school. Housman was a distinguished exponent, and Owen's "sad shires" might well be a distorted echo of Housman's "coloured counties." To see Owen's poems in this way does not make them any the less original, but it does indicate the complex blend of literary tradition and new and terrible experience that formed them.

Even the survivors of the war, when trying to tell the truth about it in autobiographical accounts written years later, were translating experience into literary terms. Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War* is an obvious example. But Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That*, which could well strike an unwary reader as simply "telling it like it was", is also, as Mr Fussell shows, a most conscious and crafty book, where practically everything that Graves sees and undergoes is presented as a form of Jonsonian farce, and where the narrative is a tissue of tall stories. It is also profoundly true, but it has the truth of literature rather than of documentary. Even now, the Great War lives on, in all kinds of unsuspected ways, in the casual clichés of our bureaucratised daily life, where one may be "bombarded with forms" or face "a barrage of complaints"; where negotiators adopt "entrenched positions" but still hope for a "breakthrough"; and where such once precise terms as "to go over the top" or be in "no man's land" survive as metaphors whose original force is half-forgotten. Pursuing his argument, Mr Fussell finds many elements of the British experience of the First World War surviving as myth or convention in American novels about the Second by Norman Mailer and Joseph Heller and Thomas Pynchon.

I found Mr Fussell's book endlessly fascinating, providing many new insights about matters that I thought I knew and understood. At times, certainly, his argument fails to convince, or becomes over-ingenious. But whatever faults the book has are largely the defects of its positive qualities. That is to say, Mr Fussell has read so widely and throws out so many ideas that he sometimes tries to follow too many at once and loses the thread of his argument. This apart, his book is a *tour de force*, a superb combination of acute critical analysis and informed cultural history.

FRANK FIELD'S *Three French Writers and the Great War*[4] is a slighter but still absorbing work, that provides an interesting contrast. The author is an historian with literary interests, and his approach is via biography and intellectual history. The three writers he discusses all suffered traumatically on the Western Front, then went on to become well known as men of letters and to embrace different modes of ideological extremism. The oldest of them, Henri Barbusse, wrote *Le Feu* about his experiences; published in 1917, it achieved instant fame and notoriety as an anti-war novel, and was read with admiration by Sassoon and Owen. Thereafter Barbusse moved from pacifism to communism and by the time of his death in 1935 had dwindled into a faithful Stalinist hack, with greatly compromised integrity. Pierre Drieu la Rochelle went to war as a young poet of Nietzschean and romantic inclinations. He survived in an embittered and nihilistic state of mind, from which he was rescued by the specious appeal of fascism. During the Second World War Drieu was a prominent literary collaborator with the Germans in occupied France, and he committed suicide after the Liberation. He appears in Mr Field's study as a tormented, idealistic, even attractive figure; it is strange but true that fascism, usually thought of as an embodiment of mindless barbarism, could, on occasion, appeal

[4] *Three French Writers and the Great War*. By FRANK FIELD. Cambridge University Press, £4.75, $13.95.

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to men of intellect and sensibility like Drieu. But French fascism did have more intellectual content, it seems, than the Italian and German varieties.

Georges Bernanos, the author of *Journal d'un curé de campagne*, was the strangest and most paradoxical of the three. He was a Catholic of the extreme Right, a monarchist and a strong supporter of the *Action Française*. During the war he came close to total despair; some years later he became known as a novelist of Dostoevskyan intensity and somewhat precarious mental balance. When the Spanish Civil War broke out Bernanos was living in Majorca. At first he welcomed Franco's military uprising, being no friend of democracy and liberalism. But when he witnessed the atrocities and mass murders committed by the Nationalists on the island in the early months of 1937, Bernanos's Christian conscience was revolted; he returned to France and wrote a savage polemic against the Spanish Nationalists, which was very ill received by his former colleagues of the French Right and in the Vatican. In this respect, Bernanos, a man of devastating independence and honesty, was in much the same relation to the French Right as Orwell was to the English Left, following the publication of *Homage to Catalonia*.

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR is a central event in Samuel Hynes' *The Auden Generation*,[5] an admirable survey of literature and ideas in the 1930s; like Mr Paul Fussell, he is an American scholar with a remarkable capacity to understand and assess English cultural experience. The writers of the thirties passed their boyhood during the Great War, and grew up to feel both relief and guilt at having missed so challenging and destructive an ordeal; Christopher Isherwood calls it "the Test" in *Lions and Shadows*. Mr Hynes makes it clear that however much the Great War was supposed to be the "war to end wars", no one really believed that it was. As early as 1928, when anti-war feelings were widespread, Evelyn Waugh referred in *Decline and Fall* to the certainty of another war, and in his next novel, *Vile Bodies* (1930), the imminence of war provides a subtext to the hysterical comedy; the book ends on the biggest battlefield in the history of the world, which looks like a bigger and better version of one of the holocausts of the First World War.

Mr Hynes has a good paragraph on the

[5] *The Auden Generation: Literature and Politics in England in the 1930s*. By SAMUEL HYNES. The Bodley Head, £6.50.

THOMAS HARDY

An Indiscretion In The Life Of An Heiress

Edited and with an Introduction by Terry Coleman

The publication of this book is a major literary event, one which will be welcomed by Hardy lovers and literary historians. 'An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress', from Hardy's first novel written in 1867, has never before been published in the U.K. in book form. Although it appeared in a London magazine in 1878, this is the first time this early work has been made generally available to take its place among the corpus of Hardy's work.

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widespread preoccupation with war during the thirties:

> This expectation of a coming war became an insistent part of the consciousness of the 'thirties generation. It enters into—or perhaps one should say it intrudes upon—some of the best work of the decade's best writers, as a central image or an off-stage threat, as an obsessive metaphor, an image or an allusion; in one form or another it seems to be there, at the edge of the imagination, a fearful trespasser into private realms, a presence, a part of reality. Even when actual warfare was not the subject, the language of war came readily to mind, as though war had become a natural metaphor for the relations between men. So Graham Greene, writing about politics and class in 1934, called his novel *It's a Battlefield*, and Auden, in *The Orators* (1932), imagined the struggle against bourgeois values as a farcical guerilla war. Indeed, social, political, and economic conflicts together seemed to amount to another war, a third shadow over the 'thirties that touched lives and imaginations as deeply as the shadows of those other wars, the one that was past and the one that was coming.

Then came war in Spain where, as Auden wrote, "Our fever's menacing shapes are precise and alive." In 1939, on the eve of the Second World War, Orwell published *Coming Up for Air*, which conveyed before the event a vivid and quite accurate idea of what the new war would be like.

Mr Hynes reads the thirties as a five-act tragedy, moving inexorably towards catastrophe, with its peripety in 1936. His book is massively documented, with textual backing for most of his speculations, and its clearly apparent pattern shapes rather than distorts the material. Nevertheless, there are a few things to quarrel with, notably his failure to discuss Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*, which is not only a key book of the thirties but a masterpiece of war literature in its own right. In general, though, *The Auden Generation* is a definitive study and a fit successor to Mr Hynes's work about an earlier period, *The Edwardian Frame of Mind*.

ALTHOUGH THE SECOND WORLD WAR was widely anticipated, no one could foresee one of its most appalling results: the way in which Nazi persecution and atrocity, already widely reported in the thirties, would be systematised on a vast scale into industrialised mass murder; Hitler's Final Solution, which meant the death of six million Jews, and innumerable other victims, Here, as Lawrence L. Langer remarks, the reality outran anything the human imagination could conceive, even though some great writers, notably Dostoevsky and Kafka, seem to have had faint intimations of what might be coming. His *The Holocaust and the Literary Imagination*[6] takes its point of departure in a famous remark by T. W. Adorno, that to write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric. Adorno did not mean it literally, and Mr Langer begins by discussing what oblique senses his words might have. He then goes on to discuss the poetry, novels and memoirs that were in fact written after the experience epitomised by the word "Auschwitz", often by those who had chanced to survive. The terrible facts have been amply recorded by journalists and historians; the imaginative writers have tried to go further and give a human meaning to unbelievable extremities of dislocation and suffering, as much by myth and metaphor as by direct realism.

Mr Langer's book is sensitive and balanced; he has lived with the subject for a long time, and has pursued its historical as well as its literary dimensions, by visiting Auschwitz and attending a war-crimes trial. In fact, his work offers a quality of pondered wisdom that is not at all common in academic literary criticism. Nevertheless, I still sense a contradiction at the heart of his argument.

He contends that in the concentration camps death was deprived of meaning and dignity, so that the consolations of tragedy, or the idea of martyrdom, to which the literary imagination so readily turns, cannot apply; the one partial exception he will allow is that moment of pure pain at the end of *King Lear*, the death of Cordelia, which earlier generations found too unbearable to perform. This is a literary motif to which Mr Langer returns throughout his book. Certainly, the mind and spirit as well as the body were destroyed in the camps, often enough, and Mr Langer argues, or suggests, that this meant a total transformation of the very nature of human existence. Yet the need to write about what one has seen or endured is a very traditional human desire; and literature gives its own shapes and meanings, even when one rejects the consolations of tragic dignity.

And what of the further desire to preserve and order represented in urbane and learned books of literary history, like the one Mr Langer has written? Some contradictions, perhaps, cannot be resolved, merely presented in images, like the Polish children whom Mr Langer was astonished to see playing in the sun near the entrance to Auschwitz in the spring of 1964. The juxtaposition of extremity and ordinariness is a mystery at the heart of all our experience:

> *About suffering they were never wrong,*
> *The Old Masters: how well they understood*
> *Its human position; how it takes place*
> *While someone else is eating or opening a window or*
> *just walking dully along.*

[6] *The Holocaust and the Literary Imagination*. By LAWRENCE L. LANGER. Yale University Press, $12.50, £7.50.

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IN *NOT WITHOUT GLORY* Vernon Scannell writes about a more familiar and more tractable aspect of the Second World War.[7] Soon after the war began the cry arose "Where are the War Poets?", and it has been generally assumed that the Second War produced no poetry to compare with the First. Mr Scannell disagrees, and his book is a brisk and lucid if rather superficial survey of the poetry written by men on active service between 1939 and 1945. The subjects are fairly predictable: Alun Lewis, Keith Douglas, and Sidney Keyes among the victims; Roy Fuller among the survivors. Mr Scannell looks, too, at a wide range of work by other poets, and makes the interesting point that Henry Reed's "Naming of Parts", which is still perhaps the most famous single poem of the Second World War, was written during a period of military training that lasted only three months, before Reed returned to civilian life. There are few omissions, though G. S. Fraser is one of them: his "Egypt" or "Letter from Asmara, May 1943" would have been well worth a mention. There is a long and informative final chapter on the work of American poets on active service, which is certainly not well known.

This is undoubtedly a useful book in the sense that it tells us who the poets were and what they wrote, though compared with Paul Fussell's *The Great War and Modern Memory* it seems simplistic, not least in the way in which Mr Scannell makes rapid judgments on the basis of whether a poem is "realistic", which is good, or "literary", which is bad. This is, of course, a central assumption of 20th-century poetics, but it now looks less and less adequate.

I FIND A FURTHER and different cause for unease in Mr Scannell's book. Much poetry of the Second World War was concerned not only with death and destruction, but with boredom and pointlessness, and it was natural enough for a sensitive individual, caught up in the prevalent mess, to assume that the struggle was futile. Mr Scannell tends to agree with such expressions, but in the end one has to assert that the war was not futile; it did not produce a particularly better world, as the idealists hoped, but it destroyed Nazism, which was its essential if wholly negative achievement. Otherwise the English, too, would have known something about the Final Solution at first hand. It is this consideration that links Mr Scannell's book and Mr Langer's, which otherwise seem to be about totally different worlds of literary experience.

[7] *Not Without Glory: Poets of the Second World War.* By VERNON SCANNELL. Woburn Press, £5.95.

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A Quiet Driver

On Jane Austen—By LAURENCE LERNER

THERE CAN'T BE ANY BOOKS on Jane Austen in the press. Everybody who had one to write must surely have got it out for the bicentenary. Mr Yates, fresh from his amateur theatricals, has demonstrated that *Mansfield Park* is really about incest; and Mary Bennett, fresh from the lecture room, has shown that we should admire Fanny Price, and treat Marianne Dashwood with patronising contempt. I hope Jane herself, wherever she is, has enjoyed it all.

And how, gentle reader, did you celebrate the event? A visit to the British Museum's exhibition? A quiet stroll round Winchester Cathedral? An evening by the fire with *Persuasion*? Or a determined wading through the pile of critical celebrations? This last hardly seems Janeite, but it has its interest too. No one in his senses would teach himself to like the novels by reading all these critics; but if you know and love them already, here is a chance to reopen some of the fascinating old arguments.

The central argument is perhaps that concerning Jane Austen and the Great Events of History: why didn't she write about Robespierre and Napoleon, industrialisation and social change? The argument goes back at least to 1870, when one Richard Simpson wrote a piece in the *North British Review* in which he observed "she lived and wrote through the period of the French Revolution and the European war without referring to them once." (You can read Simpson's essay in the *Critical Heritage* volume on Jane Austen[1] or, since it's very long, a convenient summary of it in John Halperin's survey of Jane Austen's 19th-century critics.[2]) The point has been often repeated, usually with some reference to Jane Austen's own famous piece of self-belittlement, her account of her "little bit (two inches wide) of Ivory, on which, I work with so fine a Brush as produces little effect after much labour." Two main replies are possible: that there is no reason why she should have dealt with large historical processes, or that really, under the surface, she did.

HERE IS A RECENT, LEARNED, vigorously argued book by Marilyn Butler[3] that takes the second position. The "war of ideas" of its title is the battle between the *ancien régime* and new views of society that raged in the last quarter of the 18th century. It preceded, then was involved with, the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. From 1780 to 1790, Ms Butler asserts, every work of literature was interpreted in a political sense; and Jane Austen's novels "belong decisively to one class of partisan novels, the conservative." Her opening chapter deals with the sentimental movement that was so popular in the late 18th century (Sterne/Goldsmith/Rousseau/*Werther*—and Marianne Dashwood), and maintains that it had a political dimension. Mackenzie's once-famous novel *The Man of Feeling* "sees human activity not in terms of black-and-white ethical choices, but neutrally, naturalistically, as a behavioural fact." Fielding and Sheridan depicted natural, not exemplary characters, who aroused fellow-feeling in the reader; and their faith in the individual, like Mackenzie's exaltation of passion over duty and honour, pointed the way to moral relativism.

All this was anathema to the conservative mind as represented, for instance, by Dr Johnson, who insisted that in fiction "vice should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind." It is to this tradition that Jane Austen belongs. Her novels are intended as contributions to the ideological debate; they assert a Christian, conservative morality, and reject the modern creed of self, the tendency to see value in a sympathetic response to the emotional life of hero or heroine.

Ms Butler knows her stuff: she is enormously well-read in the political and ethical controversy of the time, and in its hundreds of forgotten novels. What she tells us three times is true, and to read some of the recent sophisticated essays on Jane Austen's novels, with her argument in one's head, is to cast a cold eye on what they say.

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[1] B. C. Southam (ed.), *Jane Austen: The Critical Heritage* (Routledge, 1968).

[2] *Jane Austen: Bicentenary Essays.* Edited by JOHN HALPERIN. Cambridge University Press, £6.75, $16.95; paper £2.50, $5.95. Contains, inter alia: "Jane Austen's Nineteenth-century critics" by John Halperin; "Admiring Pope no more than is proper—*Sense and Sensibility*" by Everett Zimmerman; "*Mansfield Park:* Freedom and the Family" by R. F. Brissenden; "*Persuasion:* Forms of Estrangement" by A. Walton Litz; "Jane Austen's Drawing-room" by Marvin Mudrick.

[3] *Jane Austen and the War of Ideas.* By MARILYN BUTLER. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £8.

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R. F. Brissenden, for instance, (in Halperin's *Bicentenary Essays*), after dazzling us by finding that incest plays a significant role in *Mansfield Park*, ends by asserting that Fanny

> is, in the best sense of the word, a *sentimental* heroine: she exemplifies the belief that it is the right and the duty of the individual to follow freely the dictates of his or her own conscience and benevolent instincts.

Now this is simply wrong. Fanny, like Elinor, is the anti-sentimental heroine, and is used to make the point that one should follow not one's benevolent instincts but one's conscience. To treat these as synonymous is to ignore a vast ideological issue, the battle between belief in moral principles and trust in benevolent feelings (Dr Johnson *v.* Rousseau; Bishop Butler *v.* Shaftesbury). Even to read Frederick R. Karl's straightforward account of the sentimentalists[4] after Ms Butler is to see continual possibilities of a political dimension in their harmless gushings.

EVEN BARBARA HARDY'S WORK[5] turns out to be affected by it. Ms Hardy practises with great skill and poise a kind of criticism that I must confess to finding unexciting, a sort of geography of the artist's world, describing and probing her use of certain technical devices and social relationships; so that individual chapters deal neither with single novels nor single theoretical issues, and many sentences are of the form "in her world, as in ours, telling and listening take many shapes." When Barbara Hardy does get controversial, she attacks the Simpson position. "Of organised society she manifests no idea," says Simpson. "The social combinations which taxed the calculating powers of Adam Smith or Jeremy Bentham were above her powers." "Mary Bennett could scarcely better this absurdly irrelevant demand on the novelist's imagination", comments Ms Hardy. This seems to put her into the opposite camp to Marilyn Butler—not that Jane Austen did deal with the issues, but that there's no reason why she should have. But as she continues, Ms Hardy seems to shift her position:

> Within her social groups Jane Austen frequently shows a serious restlessness, critical and even subversive, which looks beyond social limits.

Is this an attempt to claim Jane Austen for the other side? There are a few such hints, difficult to pin down, such as the statement that the "vague

[4] *A Reader's Guide to the Development of the English Novel in the 18th Century*. By FREDERICK R. KARL. Thames and Hudson, £4.75.

[5] *A Reading of Jane Austen*. By BARBARA HARDY. Peter Owen, £4.75.

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The Novels of Tobias Smollett

Paul-Gabriel Boucé

For over two centuries, Tobias Smollett has been misrepresented as a cantankerous old Scottish rogue, who in his five novels delighted in the knockabout farce of a roisterous world, where, according to Taine, girls set out as virgins and came back as women and where men ran the risk of never coming home at all.
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fringe" of Jane Austen's society "suggests mobility, upward and downward." Brian Southam[6] gives more than hints: his booklet is full of determined statements that Jane Austen does not avoid issues of female self-fulfilment, the misery of the poor, the nature of authority—all the things we now like novelists to deal with. Mr Southam is less than scrupulous in making his case. "The depression and misery of the common people", he says in his silliest sentence, "was a theme she could never handle directly; her way was to treat it by silent implication." Marilyn Butler would be very impatient with all this.

Is Jane Austen then a conservative? As one reflects on the proposition, it takes on ambiguity, as such propositions usually do. We would all agree that Jane Austen accepted society as it was; but for all Ms Butler's arguments, I cannot see her as part of a war of ideas. There is the conservatism of those who leave things alone, and the conservatism (perhaps Conservatism) of those who defend them actively. The question Ms Butler does not tackle, but needs to, is, what would a non-political novel be like? Only when one has decided this can one deny that Jane Austen's are non-political. Over and over, Ms Butler, after describing well enough what's going on in the novels, calls it "conservative" or "Christian" or both. The terms "sense" and "goodness", used of Edward Ferrars, "imply that his virtues are those of a given code of value, namely the Christian"; Jane Austen's dangerous women are not merely selfish, they "pursue the modern creed of self"; Emma's matchmaking with Mr Elton "is an ingeniously comic revamping of the anti-jacobin plot"; and so on and so on. Jane Austen's novels have similarities to the anti-jacobin novels, therefore she is taking part in the war of ideas. Socrates has two ears, I have two ears, therefore I am an ancient Greek.

OF ALL THIS BATCH OF CRITICS, the one who comes closest to Marilyn Butler is D. D. Devlin[7]; and the comparison is revealing. Devlin is concerned with education, not politics, but he puts Jane Austen in the same tradition: for both of them, she is an opponent of Shaftesbury. A few years ago Gilbert Ryle wrote an essay on "Jane Austen and the Moralists" in which he contrasted two schools of moral philosophy, the Calvinist and the Aristotelian. Moralists of the Calvinist type think of human beings as either black or white, innocent or guilty, saved or damned; Shaftesbury on the other hand had anglicised "the copious and elastic discriminations of which Aristotle had been the discoverer." Professor Ryle's argument was that Jane Austen's moral system is Aristotelian, and derives from Shaftesbury; he quotes Dr Johnson, but, unlike Ms Butler, he does so to contrast him with Jane Austen. Dr Johnson's didactic insistence that literature should make clear the difference between vice and virtue leads to a preference of the white Sir Charles Grandison over the grey Tom Jones. Jane Austen however is only able to mock this. In her satiric *Plan of a Novel* she announces ironically:

> the good will be unexceptionable in every respect—and there will be no foibles or weaknesses but with the wicked, who will be completely depraved and infamous, hardly a resemblance of Humanity left in them.

Both Ms Butler and Mr Devlin are sure Ryle is wrong: Jane Austen is an opponent of Shaftesbury's views, which lead to ethical relativism. But then they part company; for Mr Devlin is well aware that there is a fundamental difference here between Jane Austen and Dr Johnson. It is a literary disagreement, he insists, and has nothing to do with Shaftesbury. If there is a Shaftesburian in her work, it is Henry Crawford. Jane Austen is with Dr Johnson on moral philosophy (though neither is a Calvinist), but she did not believe, as he did, that literature must be didactic. To Ms Butler, however, her books *are* didactic: and this naturally produces problems. Ms Butler is an intelligent woman and a perceptive reader: she can hardly fail to see that the novels do not fit the moral scheme she imposes on them. And so almost all her chapters on individual novels have the same shape. She asserts a strongly didactic intention, then she admits failure, or partial failure, of execution, but what she never admits is that this "failure" is precisely what makes the books more valuable than the intention. Jane Austen is still a much-loved novelist (how much, Lionel Trilling reveals to us in a fascinating posthumously published essay about her hold on American students to whom her culture is utterly foreign[8]); and we may be sure she is not loved for being didactic. All the material is there lying round in Ms Butler's book, but she never puts it together to say that a novel by Jane Austen is something fuller, richer, more human than a contribution to the war of ideas. Mr Devlin has not half her learning, and is not nearly so illuminating on the history of ideas; but he is far more aware of the difference between literature and moral philosophy.

THOSE CRITICS WHO REALISE what literature is are not necessarily the most interesting to read: I

[6] *Jane Austen.* By BRIAN SOUTHAM. Writers and their Work series. Longmans, British Council, 40p.
[7] *Jane Austen and Education.* By D. D. DEVLIN. Macmillan, £6.95.
[8] Lionel Trilling, "Why we read Jane Austen", *Times Literary Supplement* (5 March 1976).

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found Marilyn Butler far more interesting than Barbara Hardy. But one does not want to praise critics only for their illuminating errors; and the bicentenary pile does contain some who hold a true view of literature and also offer food for thought—and even some who write well. In the Halperin collection, Everett Zimmerman and A. Walton Litz, on *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice* respectively, are sensitive and discriminating, if a little inconclusive. The former strikes a just balance between Elinor and Marianne ("Marianne almost destroys herself, but Elinor is ineffectual"); the latter sees how beautifully *Persuasion* is written, how completely irony has given place to the rendering of Anne Elliott's emotion. "Can Charlotte Brontë or Angus Wilson or D. H. Lawrence have read *Persuasion*?" asks Marvin Mudrick indignantly.

Charlotte Brontë and Lawrence are the most famous of Jane Austen's hostile critics, and they have not been silent at the bicentenary.

> What throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of Life and the sentient target of death—*this* Miss Austen ignores.

No Jane Eyre in Miss Austen's novels, and no Ursula Brangwen either: to Lawrence she was "this old maid" who typifies "the sharp knowing in apartness instead of knowing in togetherness."

Plenty of critics (including me) have taken these strictures as a starting point, and now Mark Kinkead-Weekes has written a sparkling essay called "This Old Maid: Jane Austen replies to Charlotte Brontë and D. H. Lawrence."[9] A single sentence sets a chasm between him and Marilyn Butler: "her art is more complex and probing than talk of principles can compass." No use reading Mr Kinkead-Weekes if you're interested in the war of ideas, and his essay is damaged (though not as badly as Mr Southam's) by some unconvincing assertions that the Napoleonic Wars are "really there" in *Persuasion*; but he is rich in literary insights, and never oversimplifies. He belongs to the minority who think Jane Austen actually intended to be critical of Fanny Price, and he certainly puts his finger on the best bits of evidence for this: when Henry and Maria slip past the gate without waiting for Mr Rushforth and the key, in that most allegorical moment in all the novels, Fanny sees they are wrong, "but to listen to Fanny is to be challenged to see her wrongness too." Fanny makes no moral points but fusses about the risk to Maria's dress; and however much the historians may assure us that a modest young poor

[9] The Jane Austen issue of *Nineteenth Century Fiction* (December, 1975). University of California Press, $3.50.

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relation could hardly have been expected to rebuke Maria Bertram, I agree with Mr Kinkead-Weekes that she is silly, and meant to sound so.

Not that this is his main point: the central argument of his essay is that as Jane Austen develops she anticipates Charlotte Brontë's kind of criticism, and makes it her own. This leads, naturally, to a high valuation and a warm appreciation of *Persuasion*. My only serious criticism of his admirable essay is that most of its insights are quite independent of the Charlotte Brontë-Lawrence criticism, which sometimes sounds as if it is being dutifully dragged into the argument.

Mr Kinkead-Weekes wants to enlist the author's support for his reading of the novels in their full complexity, and in that he differs from Marvin Mudrick, who may not quite be the best nor quite the most controversial of Jane Austen's critics, but is certainly the best of the controversialists and the most controversial of the best. Mr Mudrick's book *Jane Austen: Irony as Defense and Discovery* came out in 1952, and is still probably the most discussed book on Jane Austen. It is totally committed to the position "Never trust the teller, trust the tale", and believes that the deepest allegiance of the novels is often to the very position they set out to attack, and that Jane Austen is of the devil's party without knowing it. Those novels which make a coherent impact (above all *Emma*) have to be forced and squeezed to fit the Mudrick thesis, but he is marvellously illuminating on the controversial books, *Mansfield Park* and *Sense and Sensibility*.

Now Mr Mudrick has returned to the fray in *Bicentenary Essays* with an essay on "Jane Austen's Drawing-room" that also starts from Charlotte Brontë. Some of Mr Mudrick's readers may have suspected that his starting point was that he wants commitment to passion in his novels, and he therefore found it everywhere in Jane Austen because this was the only way to admire her. His new essay has made it clear to me that the process was the other way round, that his starting point must have been admiration of Jane Austen. Certainly he writes as devotee, and he prefers Jane Austen to Charlotte Brontë because he thinks there is *more* passion in her work than in what he unkindly calls "any number of Brontë manuals." Jane Austen's drawing room is in fact (he takes the phrase from George Moore) the modern Venusberg; and Mr Mudrick quotes Mrs Bennett in his support:

> "I assure you there is quite as much of *that* going on in the country as in the town."

This is outrageous: Mrs Bennett would have been horrified—or rather she wouldn't, since she wouldn't have understood what Mr Mudrick is getting at. I can't however feel that Jane Austen

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would have been horrified: if any of her characters are going to have their words so delightfully twisted, why not Mrs Bennett?

READING ALL THESE CLEVER CRITICS has been most interesting, but somehow it didn't seem quite the way to celebrate the bicentenary. And so, as I couldn't get to Winchester Cathedral, I curled up by the fire with *Northanger Abbey*, which happened to be the novel I had not read for a long time. It is her weakest book, certainly: it will not bear the weight of these sophisticated essays (there are two in the pile about it). Its burlesque of the Gothic romance is tedious today, and can never have been very interesting; its hero is the most wooden of all Jane Austen's young men; but it has a satisfying neatness, as General Tilney does in the end turn out to be a monster, not a Gothic one but a greedy, snobbish, very ordinary kind of monster; and its heroine is wholly delightful. She is the youngest and most naive of all Jane Austen's heroines and is laughed at with wholly benevolent mirth, for though she is very silly she is altogether without ill-nature. How she enjoys being driven in a curricle by her young man, with whom she fell in love because he was the first young man in Bath to take any notice of her:

> Henry drove so well, so quietly without making any disturbance, without parading to her, or swearing at the horses. And then his hat sat so well, and the innumerable capes of his great coat looked so becomingly important.

Why, it's like an account of Jane's own novels: how quietly she drives, without making any disturbance; and how well her conversations sit; and how becomingly important Mr Knightley is. I can't resist that parallel: or have I been reading too many critics?

Holes and Corners

Sade and the Structuralists — *By* RONALD HAYMAN

SEXUAL IMAGERY WAS PROMINENT even in the earliest of Roland Barthes's criticism. In *Writing Degree Zero* (1953) he spoke of the self-sufficient language "which has its roots only in the depths of the author's personal and secret mythology, that subnature of expression where the first coition of words and things takes place." His 1954 essay on Robbe-Grillet poises itself with conscious ambivalence between the visual abstemiousness of the *nouveau roman* and the sensuality of traditional narrative, which "caresses" the object and savours its smells. Things have "a thousand ways of making themselves felt", which can all trigger "a human movement of disgust or appetite."

In 1963 he said that the object of all Structuralist activity is to reconstitute an object by constructing a model to demonstrate how it functions, exposing what would have remained invisible, explaining what would have been unintelligible. One of the main achievements of Structuralist criticism has been to illuminate what goes on in the relationship between the reader and the text. The act of love is the simulacrum Barthes offers, and in the latest of his books to be translated[1] he describes writing as "the science of the various blisses of language, its Kama Sutra."

In *The Pleasure of the Text* he goes further than ever before in shifting emphasis away from content towards the immediate sensual experience. "The text is a fetish object, and *this fetish desires me*." Though the author is irretrievably absent from it, it can make me desire him, and Barthes provokes us with glimpses of the amorous wrestling that can go on between the reader's imaginary body and the book's. Even an English translation would have been unkind to the basic conceit, and this translation is American. *Bliss* is an unhappy word for *jouissance*, and if there is an unacknowledged element of masturbation in the pleasure of paradox, at least it looks more elegant in French. But the insights are well worth having, and in any case this is not a book to read carefully. It is like a series of 46 tiny essays arranged in the alphabetical order of the topics, which are given only on the contents page—an arrangement that remains irritating even if you accept the implicit invitation to intimacy. Last year's book, *Roland Barthes* by Roland Barthes (in the Seuil series *Ecrivains de toujours*), also arranges fragments in alphabetical order, but they are more personal, so you read them only if you want the intimacy.

[1] *The Pleasure of the Text*. By ROLAND BARTHES. Translated by RICHARD MILLER. Jonathan Cape, £2.50.

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IN BOTH BOOKS the discontinuity is functional, and the distinction he makes between pleasure and *jouissance* depends on dislocation, jolting, interruption. (Is this Barthes's perversity or a perversion basic to literary activity?) Pleasure depends on relaxation, ease, comfort; *jouissance* on tension, discomfort, loss, reorientation. Emotion is

> a disturbance, a bordering on collapse: something perverse, under respectable appearances; emotion is even, perhaps, the slyest of losses, for it contradicts the general rule that would assign bliss a fixed form: strong, violent, crude: something inevitably muscular, strained, phallic.

This is almost incomprehensible unless you understand why Sade is one of Barthes's favourite authors. To protect itself from being recuperated by society, from being softened into providing the kind of pleasure that contributes to the bourgeois economy, literature must preserve a kind of crossgrained wastefulness. Only by perversion can *jouissance* be shielded from "the finality of reproduction."

> Neither culture nor its destruction is erotic; it is the seam between them, the fault, the flaw, which becomes so. The pleasure of the text is like that untenable, impossible, purely *novelistic* instant so relished by Sade's libertine when he manages to be hanged and then to cut the rope at the very moment of his orgasm, his bliss.

This makes much more sense if you have read Barthes's *Sade, Fourier, Loyola* (1971), which is probably his best book. It has been translated into German but an English edition would not be a good commercial proposition when almost no one over here is interested in Sade. In the issue of *Tel Quel* (No. 28, 1967) that was devoted to him, Philippe Sollers wrote that his work is

> paradoxically described as monotonous and boring while in fact it is one of the most varied and most exciting texts in our literature. . . . How is it that the Sadean text does not exist *as text* for our society and our culture? . . . Because we have not yet decided to read Sade. Because of the way we read him in this society and this culture. . . . He radically denounces the kind of reading which we continue to practise and to teach in a generalised way.

Barthes's essay "The Tree of Crime", which appeared in the same issue of *Tel Quel*, was to grow into *Sade, Fourier, Loyola*. He argues that all three founded new forms of discourse which have their source in isolation. It is clear enough that Sade would not have written as he did if he had not been subjected to what I'm tempted to call the opposite of the Kaspar Hauser process. Instead of growing to maturity in solitary confinement, he spent most of his first 32 years in freedom, to be imprisoned for most of the remaining 42. "Reality" seemed to exist only outside the cell, and the news that filtered in was unreliable. "For the sake of my inward peace, I preferred to credit nothing and to adopt an attitude of indifference towards everything." He created a kind of freedom for himself by inventing an alternative reality populated with libertines for whom isolation was neither a restriction nor a punishment but a guarantee that society would be unable to interfere. In *120 Days of Sodom*, in *Justine* and in *Juliette*, the orgies of torture and perversion are set in Gothic castles as inaccessible as fairyland.

Realistic fiction like Balzac's is built around sexual relationships that are governed by social conventions and the distribution of power within the contemporary hierarchy; in Sade's desocialised world the web of rules is hardly less complex but it is spun out of the fantasy's entrails. Orgiastic indulgence is subject to carefully arranged schedules, while the narrative is subject to what Barthes calls a grammar. There are two rules of action. The erotic syntax must aspire to complexity and saturation, involving several participants and, in each combination, a maximum of orifices. The second rule is that every position must be reversible.

But the branches on the tree of crime are lexical. Even to the characters, the sensuality is enjoyable only if it is verbalised, while the Sadean crimes can be raised to a higher value by verbal addition or multiplication. A virtuoso libertine combines sacrilege with adultery, sodomy and incest by stuffing a Host up his married daughter's anus before he buggers her. This provides an indication of how we should read Sade: "he is boring", says Barthes, "only if we concentrate on the reported crimes rather than on the performance of the discourse."

WHEN JOHN FRASER DISCUSSES "aestheticising and distancing of violence",[2] he takes many of his examples from movies and some from newspapers, which helps to show that the degree of realisation depends neither on visual vividness nor on plausibility. Like *Bonnie and Clyde* or the early Godard films which make murderous desperadoes look casual, sexy and amiable, news reports about motoring accidents hold tidily back from touching on "broken septums, damaged sinuses, smashed teeth, amputations, months of bed-ridden pain and discomfort, blindness, facial scars, and so on." Very few movies resemble Friedkin's *The French Connection* in making a dead body look like a real corpse. When Fraser mentions *King Lear* and Franju's *Le sang des bêtes* as containing acts of violence

[2] *Violence in the Arts*. By JOHN FRASER. New illustrated edition. Cambridge University Press, £2.50.

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which "shock us—and shock salutarily", he is talking about the discomforts of *jouissance*.

As he points out, Sade is very seldom shocking. The beautiful victims of the violence are abstracted from contact with workaday routines, which makes it much harder for us to empathise with them or remember them.

> The victims in the half-a-million or so words of *Juliette*, for example, run into the thousands, perhaps even the tens of thousands, but out of all of them I can bring to mind only two or three instances that in their contexts are genuinely shocking. But it seems to me precisely this that helps to substantiate the distinction continually made by French intellectuals between the Sadean and the sadistic, and to support the contention that Sade was not sadistic in the conventional sense of the word, and that reading him in bulk—as distinct from reading him in excerpts or in bowdlerized versions—does not offer the gratifications that are furnished by vastly inferior sado-masochistic works, or by something like Octave Mirbeau's *Le jardin des supplices*.

APOLLINAIRE, WHO PREDICTED in 1909 that Sade might come to dominate the 20th century, also made the point that he was still being read in the wrong way: no one seemed capable of looking beneath the disgusting surface. Apollinaire's own novel *Les onze mille verges*,[3] which was written in 1907 when he was 27, is more disgusting, more shocking, more economical and more poetically inspired. It contains a charming description of a small Japanese prostitute who draws her knees up towards her stomach and opens her legs as if they were pages in a book. The early chapters are written with an engaging lightness of touch which depends partly on the comic intrusions of everyday reality. Horses fart. Birds sing. A cab-driver interrupts an orgy of flagellation to reclaim his whip. A trio of fellatio and coprophilia becomes a quintet after two burglars have broken in.

At first Apollinaire's narrative is, like Sade's, finely balanced between relish and disgust. Both dwell lovingly on the holes and corners of human experience which are conventionally relegated to distasteful silence, but Apollinaire deliberately upsets the balance which Sade holds. The Sadean progression is accumulative and, as Barthes argues, the irony depends on the fastidious combination of rawness and rhetoric to scorch away the patina left by centuries of literary politeness. Apollinaire's strategy is to let the disgust gradually come to outweigh the relish as he pours in more and more elements of contemporary reality, using Balkan politics to curdle the pornographic

[3] *Les onze mille verges*. By GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE. Translated by NINA ROOTES. Peter Owen, £4.75.

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fantasy. There is a high-spirited, highly fictional account of a perverted orgy which involves members of the secret society that factually organised the assassination of the King and Queen of Serbia in 1903. The Russo-Japanese war looms large in the novel's final sequences, creating an uncomfortable confusion between the casual slaughter that had become normal in contemporary history and the casual slaughter that has become normal in the fiction after abnormal sexual appetites have been sated. Fraser compares Sade's fantastication of violence with the modern newspaper's desiccation of the real thing; Apollinaire was exploiting the real thing to make his fantasies all the more vicious.

ALTHOUGH HE USED his sense of humour to trick the reader into crediting him with more goodwill towards the human condition that he actually felt, his novel gives incomparably more pleasure than Swinburne's *A Year's Letters*[4] in which the jokes serve only to highlight the humourlessness. An epistolary novel that depends on a long non-epistolary prologue is admitting defeat before it declares war, and the most resonant episode is embedded in this prologue—an encounter between two boys. Wanting to make the nine-year-old oblige him with a "swish", the eleven-year-old "boy of the world" glowingly describes the pleasures of being flogged at school. The resonance is meant to spread into the ensuing letters, which expose the unhappiness of the adulterous adulthoods that have been undermined by perverse childhoods. The pattern has been set of lusting for punishment and therefore behaving badly. Swinburne's point is subtle and probably valid but ill-chosen as a launching pad for an assault on Victorian assumptions about discipline. According to Barthes, the invention of a paradoxical discourse is a revolutionary act; Swinburne's paradox may have held revolutionary potential, but his discourse reads too much like a wordy Victorianisation of *Les liaisons dangereuses*.

G. D. Martin writes (in a rather generalising way) about the *Tel Quel* critics during his forays into the no man's land between linguistics and literary criticism,[5] but he pays no attention to Barthes. In fact he claims to have found no viewpoint among "contemporary linguistic wisdom . . . which seems adequate (as yet) to cope with the complexities of literary meaning." He is on fairly safe ground in condemning the Structuralist critics' habit of focusing more on the

[4] *A Year's Letters*. By A. C. SWINBURNE. Edited by F. J. SYPHER. Peter Owen, £5.00.
[5] *Language, Truth and Poetry*. By G. D. MARTIN. Edinburgh University Press, £6.00.

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abstractions that can be deduced from literary language than on the practical use that has been made of it, but, even when his main concern is with poetry, it is perverse of him to sidestep *S/Z* if he wants to argue that it is always a mistake "to treat literary language in a Saussurean way, by voiding it of its content, and attributing to words only such meaning as they may have in contrast to one another."

For most of his central contentions, Dr Martin could have found allies among the linguisticians, and perhaps he would have been wiser to look a little harder for them. There is John Searle, for instance, who feels strongly that since the primary purpose of language is communication, a theory of speech acts ought to be integrated into the formal apparatus of generative grammar

THAT CHOMSKY HIMSELF is unwilling to be propelled in this direction is not surprising: he objects to the theory of speech acts because "it gives us no way to escape the orbit of conceptual space that includes such notions as 'linguistic meaning'." His new book, *Reflections on Language*,[6] is disappointingly unreflective and disappointingly irrelevant to what most of us mean by *language*. But then his use of *generative* has nothing to do with the word's normal meaning. One of the problems in current linguistics is that each writer is liable to introduce new jargon, which causes misunderstandings, which need to be corrected, which makes it seem necessary to write more books, which introduce more jargon.

Some of the criticisms Dr Martin throws at Chomsky are direct and familiar; others, more interesting and more damaging, boomerang around through scientific theory to indicate that "if there is no good reason for attributing sharply outlined, geometrical or blocklike qualities to thought, there can be no good reason for attributing them to language either." There may be no deliberate prestidigitation in Chomsky's books, but the mathematical precision of the linguistic analysis is liable to distract the eye from the vagueness of the epistemological speculation.

As Martin reminds us, "Wittgenstein's intention was to define meaning *as* use." Some of his propositions in the *Tractatus* (1921) were invalidated by Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, but *Philosophical Investigations* (1953) not only made allowance for the inherent vagueness of certain factual propositions but raised the question of whether logic *idealised*—and therefore distorted—the structure of language. If Dr Martin had not allowed himself to be so discursive, he might

[6] *Reflections on Language*. By NOAM CHOMSKY. Temple Smith, £5.00.

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have found his way to using *Philosophical Investigations* as ammunition in a more thoroughgoing attack on Chomsky's methodology.

Though Dr Martin writes very well about Mallarmé and Ponge, he might have done more to fortify his main argument if he had ventured far enough into the no man's land to risk a comparative piece of practical criticism on texts by Wittgenstein and Chomsky. The purity of Wittgenstein's prose affords both pleasure and *jouissance*. Sentences like "*Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darüber muss man schweigen*" go on echoing inside the brain, while his discontinuities are provocative and stimulating. I would also be prepared to argue that the early Chomsky —who made the revolution, though less experienced in using the English language—was a better writer than the Chomsky of today, who manufactures ugly sentences such as "The neural basis for language is pretty much of a mystery, but there can be little doubt that specific neural structures and even gross organization not found in other primates (e.g., lateralization) play a fundamental role."

Within the Walls

Writing for Children—By NAOMI LEWIS

ON AN AUTUMN EVENING of 1862, during a storm on the bleak North Cornish coast, the lifeboat crew decided not to make the clearly suicidal journey to the clinging men on a wreck. The Reverend Stephen Hawker (who always had to collect and bury the piecemeal corpses) put his rage into one of the bitterest of his ballads—not a bad poem either. Yet, though he was nearer in sympathy to his primitive, ill-fed flock than to any of the county's gentry, he missed an essential point. Behaviour, whether noble or the reverse—taking part in a rescue, or a staghunt—has to be learnt. Illiterate, wretched, isolated, where would the Cornishmen have learnt team spirit, or other such fancy concepts? In the Crimea another group, with military training and discipline, had recently obeyed an order to charge that they also knew meant death. Theirs not to reason why—still, the action earned them a poem from Tennyson.

Today, do we find these poor fellows so admirable? Does the school child think that they were right? Who now has a tear for the boy at Casabianca? Which is the more esteemed—*honestly:* Sir Philip Sidney ("Thy need is greater than mine") or Dick Whittington, self-made London merchant with an eye for a good investment? Is the hero still the one who *kills* the dragon? Was Edgeworth's Rosamond *wrong* in choosing the purple jar? When did imagination become a merit, and not a form of that flogging sin, the lie? Was reading Shakespeare always counted a virtue? The evangelistic "Charlotte Elizabeth" (b. 1790) related how reading his plays were

> a cup of intoxication under which my brain reeled for many a year. . . . I revelled in the terrible excitement that it gave rise to; page after page was stereotyped upon a most retentive memory . . . and during many a sleepless night I feasted upon the pernicious sweets thus hoarded on my brain. . . . Parents know not what they do when from vanity, thoughtlessness, or over-indulgence, they foster in a young girl what is called a poetical taste . . . .

IF YOU WANT THE ANSWERS to such questions you are likely to find them in the several books below—in the first three particularly. Attitudes and assumptions take root early, and there are few more effective carriers of these than children's literature. (The word is a general one, not excluding comics, verse and songs.) Books for the young, says Gillian Avery, "mirror a constantly shifting moral pattern", and *Childhood's Pattern* is the title that she gives to her survey of these changing values, between 1770 and 1950.[1] It is an extremely rewarding book, unhurried, superbly documented, with a clear hold on its theme through all the diversions. Yet the diversions are the life of the text. How interesting that Mrs Sherwood, though morally opposed to fantasy, achieved what might be called a daring feat of imagination in her *Flowers of the Forest*, a pretty story in which a little Protestant child succeeds in converting a Roman Catholic priest.

We can trace the course and decline of the lie, as the one undisputed sin and—through misunderstandings or misplaced silence—the basis of so much fiction. *Carrots* is of this kind. We observe how archness begins to creep in, even in Salvation Army publications.

> *"I was tinkin' last night, dee Desus—"*
> *Close shut were the eyes of blue;*
> *Baby knelt for her two minutes' praying.*
> *"Bout tummin' to live wid you.*

[1] *Childhood's Pattern.* By GILLIAN AVERY. Hodder & Stoughton, £3.50.

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"Way up in de sky, dee Desus,
It's so pitty to tink dat way.
Keep me tinkin' so all de time, Desus,
Perhaps You'll tum det me today."

The stout, mature-looking child in the picture (1890) has the air of one who prefers to take no chances. We see the prudent, industrious child that was the pre-Victorian model now becomes the lovable madcap, pickle, and practical joker, permitted any fictional thoughtlessness and destruction (after all, the servants will clear up) because these things are not inconsistent with "honour." A hazy term, Miss Avery calls it, thoughtfully; but she is not hazy herself in her analysis. "It would be horribly mean on the little mother", observes one of L. T. Meade's Scamp family (1906), "to do wild, rebellious, naughty things while she is away—that is, without telling her." As long as they "'fess up" after the shambles, all is well. They are honourable children. The same rules do not apply, of course, at the lower social levels.

BUT THE MOST PENETRATING CHAPTER, I would say, is about the rise of the public school, both cause and effect of a most powerful area of fiction. *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1856) was meant to invoke the spirit of Arnold's Rugby, some 20 years earlier. What Arnold had striven to do was to make each boy discover his individual conscience; what he wished to wipe out was "moral childishness." The sight of a crowd of toughs round the schoolroom fire filled him with dread: "I think I see the Devil in the midst of them." He was probably right. But for all his hero worship, Tom Brown, the cheerful decent Philistine, a fellow of honour, no sneak or muff or prig, totally missed the message. He was morally childish, going with the herd. The fictional Rugby engendered warped imitations (copied back in life), ending at last in Greyfriars, only the tuck and the japes coming down unchanged. *Was* Tom Hughes as uncomplex as his Tom Brown? Would the fictional Tom, like the living one, have taken (with Mill and Huxley) the unpopular "native" side in the case of Governor Eyre?

And yet (observed Gillian Avery) there was one strange fictional exception—a book that everyone knows by name, and very few have read—*Eric, or Little by Little* (1858). Farrar, though later Dean of Westminster, was by temperament and education (a brutal minor public school, then King's College, London) an outsider. He did catch Arnold's meaning in his novel, but sank it with heavyhandedness, with so much embarrassing overt piety and tears. Real public schoolboys hated the book, though at lower levels it sold rather well; the plot doesn't lack event. But it had no imitators, and remains "a monstrous curiosity washed up by the floodwater of evangelical feeling." The magazines that boys were reading up to the First World War—*Boys' Herald. A Healthy Paper for Manly Boys; Cheer Boys Cheer. The paper every boy can show his parents* (incredible as a sales line!)—packed with what Miss Avery calls "good clean patriotic violence", stem not from Eric but from Tom.

DON'T BE DECEIVED by the catchy title of *You're a Brick, Angela*,[2] nor by its jacket, a vintage scene of three ardent 1916 maidens clasping hockey sticks. Subtitled "A New Look at Girls' Fiction from 1839 to 1975", it covers a great deal more than the school story. Starting with *Holiday House* and Miss Yonge, ending with William Mayne and Alan Garner (*Red Shift*), it pursues an alert and unsentimental journey into what girls read—willingly, surreptitiously, or because it was there—and what links these works may have had with social attitudes. Where it differs from Gillian Avery's book is partly of course a matter of tempo and temperament; in actual judgment there are few important

[2] *You're a Brick, Angela.* By MARY CADOGAN and PATRICIA CRAIG. Gollancz, £6.50.

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differences. But *You're a Brick* also dips more deeply into the potent ephemera of the cheap magazines—*Girl's Friend*, *Peg's Paper*, *Schoolgirl's Own*, *Home Chat* and many another. Fiction in these was far from casually produced (at least in its themes and attitudes); nor was it addressed only to girls at school but to others in factories, shops and in "service." Under new names, but still valiantly trying to link fiction, fact, current modes and teenage fantasy, a few (we read) still survive. *Bunty* in 1970 offers a tale in which "Jill Wade and all her chums from the school sewing class" are kidnapped by a strange woman who chains them to sewing machines so that they can turn out a stream of clothes for her boutique.

Potted plots and quoted passages make for lively reading. But under the entertainment are the facts. Until 1875 (we are reminded in a chapter on "The Moral Tale"), the age of consent was 12—useful for brothelkeepers, though, as recent books have informed us, child-prostitutes had to start much younger than this. After 1875, the age was raised—to 13. Strangely, a century later, we find what is quaintly called the National Council for Civil Liberties trying to *restore* an early age-level. We are reminded that in 1911 over two million women were in domestic service. Almost none of them would be doing that work now. We are reminded that suffragettes and their cause have almost never had a serious role in fiction of the time—except of course in conscientious historical novels written today for girls. E. Nesbit, whose Fabianism could hardly ever be guessed at from her books, opposed female suffrage on the grounds that most women are stupid and would vote Conservative. Mary Cadogan and Patricia Craig point out how the tireless Elsie Dinsmore books (28 volumes from 1867 onwards) are persistently sprinkled with servile former slaves, still with the family, lamenting "the libely times we all used to hab down t'dat old plantation." You won't find *that* in Miss Alcott. They remark how much more significant is the white graduation dress which appears so often in later 19th-century fiction than the heroine's wedding dress. They note, as late in 1937, the enthusiasm of the *Girl's Own Paper* for girls in the Hitler Youth. In fact, they could hardly have found anywhere a more active expression of extreme contempt for women than in Hitlerian philosophy. They unearth from a 1909 paper a splendid tip—"how to make a dainty bag for a powder puff which would be of inestimable use to any Girl Scout, from circles of pasteboard and a bone or wooden ring."

This astonishing item does not appear in a vacuum. It reflects the initial uncertainty about girls in a world made for Scouts, and occurs in a chapter on Scouting, Guiding, and books. When the Scout movement was founded in 1908, Baden-Powell was taken aback by the rush of girls who tried to join: thus, Guides came into being—not, B.P. insisted "to make tomboys of refined girls", but to train them to be "better mothers and Guides to the next generation." Even in 1941, in his farewell message, he seemed unable to grasp the immediate reality of girls. Their function, he reminded them, was to serve God in two ways: "to carry on the race, to bring children into the world . . . and to bring happiness into the world by being . . . good cheery comrades for your husbands and children." This somewhat specialised aspect of Guiding was not much used by the fiction-writers between the wars; camping and coping with a vivid range of emergencies (just like the B-P Scouts, in fact) were themes more likely to bring a junior into the fold. The section which follows—a withering run down on the Camp Fire Movement founded in America in 1911 by Mr and Mrs Luther Halsey Gulick, and on the novels of Elsie Oxenham, the main English link with the cult—is something of a collector's item. So, to be sure, is the piece about Mabel St John, a prolific Newnes yarn-spinner, "always unequivocally on the side of the underdog", who was actually Henry St. John Cooper, Gladys Cooper's half-brother. As Henry St John, at the same time, he was writing no less busily for boys.

ANYONE WHO FANCIES that discussion of children's literature is new should turn at once to the spirited collection of 19th-century essays in *A Peculiar Gift*.[3] Who for a start provides the title passage?

> Writing for children calls for a peculiar gift. It is not so much a question of taking up one's stand on the lower rungs of the literary ladder, as of standing on another ladder altogether—one which has its own steps, its higher and lower positions of excellence.

Mrs Molesworth in 1893. It is nothing to do with love of children, she adds. "Many people love children dearly who could not write for, or about them even, at all."

Who complains that it is no longer possible to answer the question: how old is a child? Mrs Trimmer, in 1802. Once, she notes, the separating line between children and Young Persons was fourteen. Now it appears to be five or six. What controversial author was a slender beauty with long and curling hair, dark blue eyes "that beamed with wit and fancy"; who in youth

[3] *A Peculiar Gift*. Selected and introduced by LANCE SALWAY. Kestrel Books (publication 26 August), £6.00.

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escaped from an importunate suitor by climbing up a tree and jumping over the wall? Why, Mrs Barbauld, Lamb's "accursed" Mrs B. And the essay (by novelist Catherine Hamilton, 1892) makes out almost as attractive a case for her writings. Perhaps we should look again. Mrs Andrew Lang, in 1895, taking a fresh glance at *The Fairchild Family and their Creator* (she meant, of course, Mrs Sherwood), asks:

> What is it that makes the incidents in the daily life of these intolerable children and their yet more intolerable parents stick in our minds? . . . The wholesome neglect which obliges young people to shift for themselves, and forces them to invent their own game and develop their own characters, are foreign to Mrs. Sherwood's ideal system of education. . . . It seems very strange, considering the numerous proofs which Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had of the failure of their teaching that they did not try some other method.

(Perhaps we should recall Lord Frederic Hamilton's comment, quoted in *Childhood's Pattern*: "I liked the book. . . . There was plenty about eating and drinking: one could always skip the prayers, and there were three or four very brightly written accounts of funerals in it.") My own view is that, without the gibbet, the book might have been forgotten. But—as soon as Mrs Lang turns to the author herself, that most independent and enterprising of women, organising orphanages in India and schools in England, the picture changes. Mrs Sherwood's account (which is given here) of the dying Scott being carried from the Rotterdam ship is fairly well known, less so her view of a dancing display of nautch girls at Meerut.

> It was while we were at Meerut that Chuny Laul, the great Nose Fellow, brought to our gates a party of nautch girls, and asked me if I would like to see a nautch. I was glad to have the opportunity. . . . The influence of these girls over the other sex, even over men who have been bred up in England, and who have known, admired, and respected their countrywomen . . . is not only obtained in a very peculiar way, but often kept up even when beauty is past. The influence steals upon the senses of those who come within its charmed circle, not unlike that of an intoxicating drug. . . . I was astonished, fascinated, and carried, in fancy, to the golden halls of ancient kings. . . .

But the two most significant themes discussed in *A Peculiar Gift*—the one because it is so little questioned, the other because it is so much—are the boy's adventure yarn and the fairy tale. The adventure story, Lance Salway notes, "brought to a peak of imperfection by Henty, Manville Fenn and Gordon Stables", reflects most accurately the temper of Victorian England. "When Henty's young heroes were not subjugating Afghans or Zulus", Salway comments, "they were busy sending Huns, Frogs and Boers about their business." (One must add, several thousand of animals, trophy-wise.) Doyle writes on R.L.S.,

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R.L.S. on Verne (and on himself), Mathus Questell Holyoake on Mayne Reid, Conrad on Marryat, Manville Fenn on Henty. Really, if you think about it, criticism would be difficult. But facts spring out all the time. Henty is asked how he works. He replies:

> "I do not write any of my books myself. I get a man to do them for me—an amanuensis, of course; it all comes out of my head, but he does all the actual writing. I never see any of my work until it comes to me from the printers in the shape of page proofs. My amanuensis sits at the table, and I sit near him, or lie on the sofa, and dictate the stories which I publish. . . . In the course of a day I finish a chapter, that is, about six thousand five hundred words. I call that a good day's work."

He never (says Fenn) made his books "sickly by the introduction of what an effeminate writer would term the tender passion. 'Once', he said, 'I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven, and I received a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister.' "

No one questions acts and attitudes in this vigorous fare, though Verne is generally thought too technical, too "scientific", to have much of a future. (Did no one foresee science fiction?) It is even said that children of the poorer classes with a chance to study a Kingston or a Henty would live "in a purer mental atmosphere."

No, it is when you turn to the fairy tale that you find yourself on a critical battlefield. Certainly, by the mid-century the old moral doubts of the rational-theologians have died down (Gosse, you may remember, declared that had he been allowed access to fairy tales, he might not have lost his religious faith so soon.) The arguments now are on a theme not at all out-of-date today: is it right to cut out the good old violence, to put in the moral twist? Cruikshank, who had recently disconcerted all his friends by publishing a group of fairy tales, revised in the cause of Anti-Drink and Pro-Education, was the centre of attack. "He says that the history of Jack the Giant-Killer is little more than a succession of slaughterings and bloodshed", complains William Caldwell Roscoe in one of the essays here. At this point Dickens enters the fray, with a piece that must have given Mr Salway particular joy to add to his collection.

> We have lately observed, with pain [he writes] the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank.

He then proceeds to retell Cinderella in the Whole Hog mood. Cinderella laments that she has no means of going to the ball:

> "Never," cried the old lady with animation, "shall one of the Band of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also, because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. . . .

It is a hugely diverting piece. But is it the final answer? Much more than a century later, on different themes perhaps, Cruikshank's battle is still being fought.

TROVE AS WELL AS TRASH can lie in forgotten magazine files. *Behind a Mask*[4] extends, in an unfamiliar direction, our view of Louisa M. Alcott. Unfamiliar, but not, perhaps, unexpected. Do you recall Jo scribbling away in the attic? And the *kind* of tale that she wrote, and sold? Biographers have always known that Louisa, like Jo, had found a way of earning a living with pseudonymous "thrilling tales." But did any of them still exist? A few letters found at last, deep in the Harvard archives, provided a name (A. M. Barnard) and other clues; nearly a century after their printing a cache of these stories (a pretty piece of detective work) came into daylight. And here is a first selection, all written a few years before *Little Women.*

Louisa's life had never been easy. Her transcendentalist father had filled the family with ideals but their daily living was left to chance (or friends); later, the determined Louisa herself, second girl of four, took over the burden. Before she had found a niche as popular writer she had scrubbed, sewed, taught, had been companion and nursemaid. In 1862, a prize of $100 from a New York paper gave her the start she needed; thereafter the demand was as rapid as the supply. She might not have ever left the gothic genre if a publisher had not urged her to write a novel for girls. "I plod away", she wrote in her diary, "though I don't enjoy this sort of thing. Never liked girls or knew many, except my sisters, but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting." They did indeed. *Little Women* (1868) is the only genuine classic among her domestic books, but it *is* a classic. She had looked at last at that infallible source, her own life, and at that most rewarding of scenes for a writer, the one she knew, the grey New England scene that hemmed her in. Indeed, for the rest of her writing days she was occupied meeting the demand for wholesome domestic stories far more conventional than *Little Women*, that struggling, hope-

[4] *Behind a Mask: The Unknown Thrillers of Louisa May Alcott.* Edited with an Introduction by MADELEINE STERN. W. H. Allen, £4.50.

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ful, youthful, rebelling tale. But when asked to contribute to a "No Name" series in 1877, she dashed off a deliciously lurid piece, *A Modern Mephistopheles*, in her old style, and noted in her diary: "It has been simmering ever since I read Faust last year. Enjoyed doing it, being tired of providing moral pap for the young."

It is a revealing comment. And perhaps the four tales in this book show something more than a starved romantic's taste for gothic mansions, old estates, and families of ancient line, even if they bear a curse since their Norman origin. Pauline in *Pauline's Passion and Punishment* (the prizewinning tale, by the way) is a young woman who, deserted by her lover for a richer bride, devises an intricate revenge situation with the aid of a devoted young man, a Laurie-like figure recurring through the tales. A mysterious pale governess wins all hearts, reorganises a troubled household, and conceals a sinister secret and design. Humiliated often enough herself by coarse employers, Louisa produced, in this, the title story, the kind of heroine she admired, part Jane Eyre and still more Becky Sharp.

She was a natural writer, and can keep a reader engaged whatever the theme. But the find is exciting chiefly as a clue to what makes a classic and to why it is Alcott alone and not "Barnard" who keeps even the best of these splendid stories alive.

ALTHOUGH MARGERY FISHER declares in the Introduction to her large, attractive *Who's Who in Children's Books*[5] that "this is not primarily a reference book", we may expect to find in it most of the leading characters discussed in the previous studies, and on the whole we do. She has included, she says, "as many as possible of the characters who have now become household names, together with others less familiar who interest me particularly. . . . I have tried to place them in their setting and circumstance but also to discuss their identity." People do not always read introductions, and this is a mistake; not only do these often include some of the author's best statements, but present what an author, ideally, would have wished the book to be. "Fiction seeks to describe and investigate the mystery of personality", says Mrs Fisher—a splendid phrase, and best remembered *not* when reading her views on a complex classic, but on some very lightweight item, a picturebook, maybe, which has nevertheless earned itself a place. Children, even young ones, will find plenty to read in these rich and generous pages, lavish

[5] *Who's Who in Children's Books*. By MARGERY FISHER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.95.

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with pictures, but the critical judgments are, as they should be, adult ones for adults. The range of books is so wide that to name any omissions at all seems churlish, but Verne, Sutcliff, Brinsmead, Gripe, the Cleevers, maybe Goudge, certainly Andersen (who just scrapes in with "Thumbelina") might deserve a place in a new edition. And what of "When Marnie Was There"? The pictures include not only superb illustrations by artists of yesterday and today, but others, chosen not for their absolute merit but for their period or their curio interest. Zest and intelligence are the mark of Mrs Fisher's appraisals; her skill in getting neatly to the core of an obdurate plot is enviable. She is most to be savoured, though, when pricked now and then out of tolerance. On Miss Blyton's "Famous Five" she observes:

> Perhaps the most respectable reason for the popularity of [these] stories lies in the variety and thoroughgoing improbability of their plots. . . . To sustain a long series of predictably improbable and routinely exciting adventures it is necessary to draw characters impervious to emotion of any but the most superficial kind. Whether she drew her characters in outline deliberately so that she could more readily identify with them or whether she was simply not interested in character is a matter of opinion.

ANGELA BRAZIL (1869–1947), that key name in the critical volumes here, has now achieved biographical status; *The Schoolgirl Ethic*[6] is the first booklength account of her life and work. You wonder why nobody ever did this piece of research before, for clue after clue seems to have vanished just as biographer Gillian Freeman approached. Perhaps this explains the book's rather hurried air. That fabled art school, Heatherley's, where Angela went as a young student, destroyed its records in 1969. Most of the family letters and papers were burnt by the unliked sister-in-law who, when Angela's sister Amy died in 1951, inherited the estate. The last unfinished manuscript was thrown away in 1974 by Angela's ageing godchild (possibly also Angela's illegitimate niece?). The world is divided into keepers and casters-away—but what can one make of an act so weirdly unimaginative? Of course, the Brazil traces are not entirely gone; a fair number of living witnesses still remain, so, also do the books (generally echoing, Miss Freeman shows, their author's current problems and preoccupations). But it is curious how much evidence can vanish in 30 years.

She was born in Preston (where her father was a cotton-mill manager), youngest of four; her mother, half Scotch and half Spanish, had spent her earliest years in Rio de Janeiro. *The Fortunes of Philippa* (1906), which is so much unlike the rest of the Brazil novels, is in fact based on Mrs Brazil's accounts of her own experiences as a South American girl in a severe Victorian English boarding school. Angela herself went to a private school in Manchester, Ellerslie. It was educationally excellent (she could have gone on to university, but chose the more vaguely romantic art school). If she had gone on studying and become a Headmistress, she later remarked, she could *never* have written again from the schoolgirl's view. But Ellerslie had no games, no dramatics, nothing of the dashing corporate life for which she yearned. When some of these things were instituted after she left, she felt a wound. "I was aggrieved beyond words."

The Brazils were a close-knit family. Except for Clarence, the oldest, who married out of class and disappeared from the records, they shared the same home, through various moves, to the end. In 1911 they finally settled in Coventry, where the doctor brother Walter had bought a practice. There, as always, they were very much part of the local cultural scene: Angela also liked to watch school matches and school plays. Though by then in their seventies, the three Brazils remained imperturbably in Coventry through the blitz, taking a practical part in the post-raid emergency work. But indeed, what Old Brazilian could do less?

INDEED, THE AUTHOR of *Monitress Merle, A Harum Scarum Schoolgirl, Bosom Friends* (very early, this), *For the School Colours, The Jolliest Term on Record*, and so many more, might have been invented by herself. An impetuous, passionate tomboy in youth, a gracious *grande dame* in late life, she was, in essence, a pre-adolescent always. She was a tireless giver of children's parties, whether the guests were adult or no: it was her style. As a writer, she knew exactly her field, her range and her readers.

[6] *The Schoolgirl Ethic*. By GILLIAN FREEMAN. Allen Lane, £4.50.

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> To be able to write for young people depends, I consider, largely upon whether you are able to retain your early attitude of mind while acquiring a certain facility with your pen. It is a mistake ever to grow up! I confess I am still an absolute schoolgirl in my sympathies.

Certainly she did not, like so many gifted writers for the young, see herself as an adult author *manqué*. Nostalgia for a daydream school which, in the 1880s, she never had the luck to know, kindled each one of her books, and the flame never died down. A friend of her later years, Dr Marie Stopes, improbably asked if she might adapt one of Angela's novels for stage production. The reply is interesting. Not one would work, she says.

> They are not written with any idea of adaptation for the stage, and I have always tried to cram in outdoor adventures to suit the taste of my young readers. They would be admirable for the films, but on the stage it would be quite impossible to render such scenes as walking on the roof of a manor house, getting lost in the mist, overtaken by the tide, or games of hockey . . . or other mad escapades in which the heroines indulge. The whole gist of the plot in all the books depends practically on what one would call "large action".... Another point is that the particular charm of my books is supposed to lie in the writing, the way I describe scenes etc. . . .

The last point of all we might query; scenic description was not her forte. But the idiom is in its way essential: the verbs, for instance (". . . gulped Aldred", . . . "vouchsafed Carmel"). As for the names, they suggest an urgent romantic streak, Pre-Raphaelite almost, that needed an outlet somewhere. The absurdity comes, of course, with the context in which they find themselves—the mellifluous Ardiune, Morvyth, Aveline, Raymonde, Gipsy Latimer, Lesbia Ferrars, Lesbia Carrington, Winona Woodward and the whole of the Castleton family—Morland, Claudia, Landry, Beata, Romola, Madox, Constable, Lileth, Perugia and Gabriel.

THE STRENGTH OF THE classic school tale lies in the codes, taboos, the very walls themselves, which concentrate and contain their tiny society. When the rigid conventions vanished from Victorian life (like the walls themselves, the large houses where whole families lived out their long lives), adult fiction knew a major loss. Best-sellers can still be found, though, wherever walls can be recreated—in convents, ships or hospitals, say—and the school tale is a survival of this kind. Within it Angela Brazil created a minor genre and a language, even, which schools and schoolgirls would adopt in fact. Such is the curious play between life and literature, which (it cannot be too often pointed out) gives rather more in social *moeurs* than it takes.

IRISH LITERARY CRITICISM

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

Looking Back at "The Tin Drum"

By Günter Grass

HARDLY HAD THE AUTHOR corrected the last proofs when his book deserted him. That was 15 years ago—when *The Tin Drum* slipped away from me. Translated into Croatian, Japanese and Finnish, it seems to have spent its time upsetting the petty bourgeois of every country, as Danzig-Langfuhr, my lost province, spread itself throughout the world.

Never having read *The Tin Drum* right through in the printed version, I am almost excluded from it by tightly stacked piles of reviews and opinions. For a good five years a project had dominated one's days and dreams as draft 1, draft 2, draft 3, and now it seemed suddenly over and done with. (Later books—like *Dog Years* and collections of my poetry—still remained within my grasp.)

It is a kind of literary nausea, peculiar to the literary profession, that has soured my reading of the printed and bound version of *The Tin Drum*; even now, I never get past a random scanning or skipping of the beginnings of a few chapters. I still lack curiosity to examine the motivations and circumstances of that time, as if I were afraid to catch myself out. The author on his own book is an unreliable witness.

I admit, then, a certain incompetence, but I can still put together a few bits and pieces and try to avoid those constructive lies on which the hothouse of German literary life seems to thrive.

GÜNTER GRASS *has written frequently for* ENCOUNTER. *His contributions include "Culture and the Détente" (December 1973), "Two Interviews" (September 1970 and January 1968), "Writers in Prison" (June 1968) and "Attempt at a New Dialogue" (July 1974). Among his novels (in English translation) are "The Tin Drum" (1962), "Cat and Mouse" (1963), "Dog Years" (1965) "Local Anaesthetic" (1970) and "From the Diary of a Snail" (Secker & Warburg 1974). His play, "The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising", appeared in 1967, and was performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych Theatre in 1970. He designed the cover for the special German issue of* ENCOUNTER *in April 1964.*

WHAT MADE ME confront my typewriter? No creative certainty (how to do it), no long-nurtured decision (*now* is the time), no higher mission or signal from above (that sacred literary compulsion). I suppose that the most reliable impulse—considering what a long way I had to go—was my *kleinbürgerliches Herkommen*, which issued in a kind of obvious megalomania, exacerbated by an interrupted higher education (I never got past the fifth form), to produce something formidable, something immeasurable. It is a very dangerous impulse; it often verges on *hubris*. Yet it was only because I was aware of my petty-bourgeois origins and impulses that I could exploit both playfully and coolly, although not without strain. Writing became a thing of some irony and distance, begun in a very private way, however public its later repercussions.

In 1954 my mother died at the age of 56. Helene Grass, being of a petty-bourgeois disposition, and hence typically fond of the German theatre, nicknamed her son "Peer Gynt" because he loved spinning tales and promised her journeys to Naples and Hong Kong, as well as riches and fine fur-coats. *The Tin Drum* appeared five years after her death and became what Peer Gynt might have considered to be a success. I had always wanted to prove something to my mother. It was only her death that released the impulse.

I WAS PROBABLY at some disadvantage, because I kept comparing myself with authors who sanctify their typewriters out of social obligation, with writers who are not ruthlessly self-centred but aware of their larger responsibilities. No noble intention drove *me* to enrich German literature with yet another sturdy post-War showpiece. Nor was I able or willing to satisfy the easy cry for the *Bewältigung deutscher Vergangenheit*, a "coming to terms with the German past." My efforts to survey my own lost province, and to lay bare the deposits of the so-called middle-class strata (half-proletarian, half petty-bourgeois) layer by layer, brought no solace and no catharsis.

Perhaps the author did succeed in revealing a few apparently new aspects; in laying bare certain disguised modes of behaviour he may well have undermined the current demonisation of National Socialism and helped to dispel with cold laughter a number of pious dishonesties. He may even have created a fresher outlet for a hitherto timidly restrained language. But he was incapable of "coming to terms with the past", nor did he want to.

Linguistic showmanship, delight in changing forms, and the corresponding inclination of projecting counter-realities on to paper: in short,

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the tools for any artistic enterprise were there, waiting to meet the resistance of some voracious material. But the material was there, too, waiting for transformation. The immensity of the task—and a state of indolent absentmindedness—prevented me at first from making the effort.

AGAIN, SOMETHING PERSONAL released me. The spring of 1954—when, after my mother's death, I married Anna Margaretha Schwarz—was the start of a new time of concentration, of a bourgeois morality of work and achievement and a firm determination to prove something to all those who (through my marriage) infiltrated the home which I had not yet established: solid Swiss citizens with a modestly puritanical life-style, who watched my wriggling gymnastics with indulgence and a liberal understanding of the arts. It was all a rather curious venture, especially as Anna, who had only just escaped from a well-to-do, very middle-class family, was looking rather for insecurity and (although with some caution) was keen to try herself in the post-War Berlin bohemia. She had certainly never intended to become the wife of a so-called "famous writer."

But however interesting the clash of interests between the petty-bourgeois climber and the desire for emancipation of the dutiful daughter of a middle-class family, my marriage to Anna gave me a new purposefulness (even if the crucial literary moment for the subsequent writing of *The Tin Drum* has to be dated prior to our acquaintance).

IN THE SPRING and summer of 1952 I hitch-hiked through France, lived on nothing, made my drawings on odd bits of packing paper, and wrote continuously. Language hit me like diarrhoea. Apart from suspiciously derivative odes on the deceased helmsman Palinurus, a long and rambling poem came into being, in which Oskar Matzerath (before he actually bore that name) appeared as a stylite.

A young man, an existentialist (as dictated by the fashion of the day), bricklayer by profession. A creature of our times. Wild and haphazardly erudite, he pours forth quotations. Long before the onset of prosperity, he tires of prosperity. He is simply in love with his own nausea. That is why he builds a column in the middle of his small town (which remained nameless), and on the column he took up his position in chains. With the help of a long pole his grumbling mother provided him with meals in a billy-can. Her attempts to lure him back were supported by a choir of pseudo-mythological maidens. The small-town traffic circled around the column; friends and foes gathered; eventually a whole community of disciples came together to look up to him. He, the stylite, was far removed from it all, peered down, calmly shifted his weight from leg to leg, found his perspective, and gave forth metaphors.

This long poem came out badly; it was abandoned and only a few bits of it remain; at best they show how strongly I had been influenced simultaneously by Georg Trakl and Apollinaire, Ringelnatz and Rilke, and some appalling translations of Lorca. The only interesting thing that remained was the search for a longer perspective: the elevated viewpoint of the stylite was just too static. Only Oskar Matzerath's three-year-old stature offered the right combination of mobility and distance. Oskar is, I suppose, a stylite in reverse.

RETURNING FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE in the late summer of the same year, as I made my way towards Düsseldorf *via* Switzerland (where I met Anna for the first time), the stylite was abandoned through a mere visual experience. One afternoon on a passing occasion, I saw among adults drinking coffee a three-year-old boy who was carrying a tin drum round his neck. What struck me and stayed with me was the total dedication of the three-year-old to his instrument, also the way in which he ignored the adult world (coffee-drinkers chatting away the afternoon). This "discovery" remained buried for some three years. I moved from Düsseldorf to Berlin; changed my teacher in sculpture; met Anna again; got married the following year; fetched my sister from a Catholic convent (which she had

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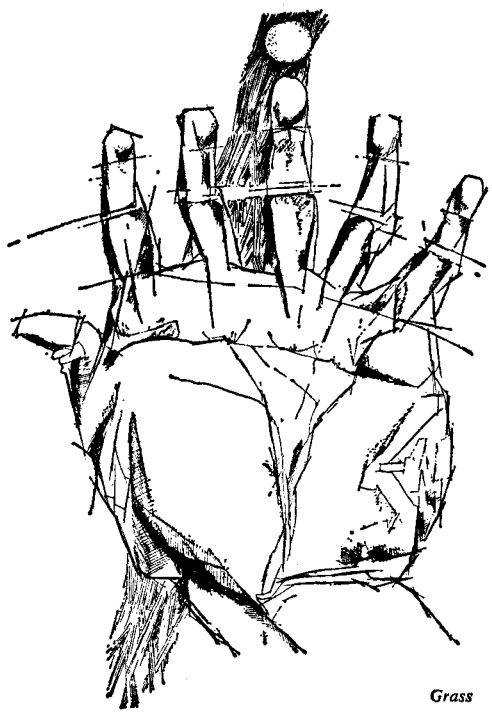
entered wrong-headedly); drew and modelled bird-like creatures, grasshoppers, and filigree hens; came a cropper with my first venture into a longish piece of prose called "*Die Schranke* (The Barrier)" which owed its form to Kafka and its imagery to the early Expressionists. That was also when, more relaxed, I started writing the first bits of verse poems, tried my hand at a few structures previously sketched as drawings; the results properly distanced themselves from their author and won the degree of independence necessary for publication. "*Die Vorzuge der Windhühner* (The Advantages of Moorhens)" was my first book, a hardback of poems and drawings.

After that, although in the main I was still a sculptor, a few short pieces came into being: one-act plays like "*Onkel, Onkel*" and "*Hochwasser* (Flood)" which I recited to the *Gruppe 47* with some success (to whose sessions I had been invited in the meantime). And since Anna was a dancer I also wrote libretti for the ballet.

Thus there have been attempts at a few plot fragments for ballet scenarios which later grew into chapters of *The Tin Drum*: the chapter at the beginning, for instance, "The Wide Skirt" (the story of the galleon-figure Niobe), "The Last Tram" (on which Oskar and his friend Vittlar travelled through Düsseldorf by night), also scenes in which the Polish cavalry attacked German tanks. They all led to nothing, were dropped, and were in the end swallowed up by the epic shredder.

With such luggage—masses of material, vague plans and firm ambitions—I wanted to write my novel. Anna was looking for stricter ballet discipline in her dancing; and we left Berlin in 1956, penniless but carefree, and moved to Paris. In the vicinity of Place Pigalle Anna found a severe Russian ballet-mistress in Madame Nora. I began with the first draft of a novel (I was still polishing up the play *The Wicked Cooks*), which was given alternating titles: *Oskar, der Trommler*; *Die Blechtrommel*; *Der Trommler*.



Grass

AND THIS IS THE POINT where my memory abdicates. I do know that I projected several plans graphically, filling the designs with key words—thus tightening the whole epic material—but these plans cancelled each other out and lost their value as the work progressed. But the manuscripts of the first and second—and, eventually, of the third—draft were fed to the stove in my *Arbeitsraum* (which will be mentioned again). With all the hubris I could command at the time, I planned never to feed Professors of German, and their greed for the vicarious, with textual variants.

With the first sentence—"*Zugegeben: ich bin Insasser einer Heil und Pflegeanshalt* (Granted: I am an inmate of a mental hospital)"—the barrier disappeared. Language drove me on; memory and imagination, playfulness and obsession with details pursued each other as chapter followed chapter; I hopped and jumped where holes threatened the flow of the story; history helped with local bits and pieces; smelly little boxes snapped open. I acquired a mushrooming family, and quarrelled with Oskar Matzerath and his gang about trams and their destinations; about simultaneous events and the absurd pressures of chronology; about the reasons for Oskar reporting in the first or the third person singular; about his desire to beget a son; about his real guilt and spurious guilt-feelings. Hence, due to his objections, I failed in my attempt to attribute to him, the loner, a vicious little sister (it is just possible that, later, the aborted sister insisted on her literary right to exist in the person of Tulla Pokriefke).

IN ORDER TO PRE-EMPT a frequent and popular question once more: I wrote for no particular public, because I knew of no public. But firstly, secondly, and thirdly I wrote for myself; for Anna; for friends and acquaintances who happened to come and see us and to listen to chapters; and I wrote for an imaginary public which was the product of my fantasy. The dead and the living were squatting around my typewriter: my

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friend Goldmacher and his passion for details; my literary master Alfred Döblin with his thick glasses; my erudite mother-in-law with her faith in the true, the good, and the beautiful; Rabelais, just passing through; my old *Deutschlehrer* whose quirkiness I still find more useful than the antiseptic pedagogical formulae of these days; and, finally, my dead mother whose objections and corrections I tried to meet with documents, but she never ever believed me without reservations.

If I listen back carefully, I did conduct a number of lengthy conversations with this highly critical public; and they might have enriched the final product by a good 200 pages, had they been properly recorded and nearly arranged into an *addenda*. Or the stove at 111 Avenue d'Italie might have swallowed it all. Or it could be that even these conversations were nothing but imaginative figments. To be honest about it, I remember the room in which I worked much better than the way I did my writing. The *Arbeitsraum* was a basement atelier which had initially served me for the beginning of sculpture that began to crumble as the composition of *The Tin Drum* progressed. It served at the same time as the boiler room of our tiny two-bedroomed flat above, and my activities as stoker were interlocked with the writing process. As soon as the work on the manuscript came to a halt, I would set off with two buckets to fetch some coke from the cellar of the neighbouring house. My workroom smelled of dry rot and all the familiar gas odours. Dripping walls kept up the flow of my imagination, and the humidity of the room might well have been a boost to Oskar Matzerath's wit.

Grass

ONCE A YEAR for a few weeks during the summer months—since Anna is Swiss—I could write in the fresh air of the Ticino mountains. There I sat at a stone table under a pergola hung over with vine leaves, looked out at the glittering southern scenery, and, sweating in the sun, tried to describe the iced-up Baltic Sea. Sometimes, just for a change. I tried scribbling chapter sketches in Paris bistros, as if on a movie set, among entwined couples, old women hidden away in their coats, mirrored walls and *art-nouveau* decorations, bits of elective affinities, Goethe and Rasputin.

Anna had to make do with this kind of literary life for some four long years, and I do not only mean that she had to listen to (sometimes she also wanted to) longish interim versions with often only minute differences between them. Looking back on it now, I suspect that it might have been even harder for her to recognise in this removed figure, present, if at all, in the form of cigarette smoke, someone to whom she was properly married. I must have been a most unsuitable companion, for as I seemed to depend almost entirely on the characters of my fiction, I became a kind of coordinating instrument, operating a series of gears connected to several interacting layers of consciousness. It's what is called "possessed."

And yet I must also have lived very fully at the time—I did the cooking and often went dancing, no doubt inspired by the grace of Anna's ballerina's feet. Our twins, Franz and Raoul—I was then in the middle of the second draft—were born in September 1957. This didn't quite present a writing problem but a special financial one. After all, we were living on a strictly planned budget of 300 DM a month which I seemed to earn almost by the way. I sold drawings and lithographs at the annual reunions of the *Gruppe 47*; Walter Höllerer came from Berlin to Paris every now and then, offering commissions and accepting manuscripts, as was his wont; Hellmut Heissenbüttel arranged for my unperformed plays to be broadcast in faraway Stuttgart. But with the prize award of the *Gruppe 47* in the subsequent year, when I was almost ready with the final draft, I actually had some solid cash in my hands for the first time: a round sum of 5000 DM, and out of that we bought a record-player which is still sounding forth today and belongs to our daughter Laura.

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SOMETIMES I THINK that the mere fact of not having gone up to an A-level *Abitur*, something after all which is only hard for mothers and fathers to bear, was a blessing in disguise. Because with a diploma I would undoubtedly have had offers, would have become some kind of features editor, would have treasured an unfinished manuscript in my drawer, and would as a frustrated writer have cultivated growing resentment against all those who were writing without a care in the world as manna fell from heaven.

From time to time there were conversations with Paul Celan (or, rather, I listened to his monologues). Or politics at close quarters (Mendès-France and his glass of milk, police raids in the Algerian quarters). Or wrapped up in newspaper: the events of the Polish October, Budapest, Adenauer's absolute victory at the German polls. Mostly there were gaps.

WHEN I WAS working on the final draft of the chapters about the defence of the Polish Post Office in Danzig, a trip to Poland became necessary. Höllerer acted as intermediary, Andrej Wirth wrote the invitation, and I travelled to Gdansk via Warsaw. I suspected there would be surviving defenders of the Polish Post Office of that period, and I enquired at the Ministry of the Interior which had an office where records of German war crimes in Poland were being kept. I was given addresses of three former Polish Post Office workers (their last address dated from 1949); but under the proviso that these alleged survivors were not being recognised by the Polish Post Office Workers Union (or at all, for that matter, in the entire official world), because it had been stated in the Polish and the German version of Autumn 1939 that everybody had been shot by order of a court martial. That was why the names had been carved into the stone memorial tablet, and whoever was carved into stone could surely no longer be alive.

Grass

In Gdansk I was looking for Danzig. I did manage to locate two of the former Polish Post Office clerks. They had found employment in the docks in the meantime, were earning more than at the Post Office, and were really quite happy with their unofficial status. But the sons wanted to see their fathers as heroes and fought (in vain) for their recognition as resistance fighters. Both Post Office clerks gave me detailed descriptions of events in the Polish Post Office during its defence (one of them was a postman who carried the cash). The real account of their escapes exceeded my powers of invention.

In Gdansk I was looking for Danzig. I talked in cemeteries with the simple gravestones, sat (as once I had sat as a local pupil) in the reading-room of the town library, scanned through back numbers of the *Danziger Vorposten*, took a whiff of the Mottlau and Radaune rivers. I was a stranger in Gdansk, yet found it all again, although in fragments: the swimming pools, the woodland paths, the gothic brick buildings and those tenement houses in the Labesweg between Max-Halbe-Platz and Neuer Markt. I also revisited (on Oskar's advice) the Church of the Sacred Heart: unchanged fuggy atmosphere.

AND THEN I WAS standing in the kitchen-livingroom of my Kasubian great-aunt Anna. Only when I showed her my passport did she believe me: "*Nu*, Ginterchen, you've grown a little. . . ." I stayed for a while and listened. Her son Franz, former employee of the Polish Post Office, had been shot after the capitulation of the defenders; and I also found his name carved into the stone of the memorial tablet. On my way back I made the acquaintance of Marcel Reich-Ranicki, today a well-known critic in Western Germany. Ranicki enquired gently into the formal type and social function of the manuscript of the young man who claimed to be a German writer. When I gave him a synopsis of *The Tin Drum* ("boy stops growth at the age of three"), he left me standing there and, in some distress, rang up Andrej Wirth, who had facilitated our meeting: "Watch out!—he isn't a German writer at all! This is a Bulgarian agent!" I found it a little difficult to establish my identity in Poland.

WHEN I FINISHED WORK on the manuscript in spring 1959, when I had corrected the galleys and sent off the page proofs, I received a *Stipendium* for four months. Höllerer had mediated once again. I was supposed to travel to the United States in order to answer the odd occasional

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question from students. But I was not allowed to go. At that time one still had to undergo a thorough medical examination in order to obtain a visa. I did this and was told that my lungs were affected by "tubercles" (or knot-like formations); and when tubercles break open, they presumably make punctures.

As a consequence, and also because de Gaulle had come to power (after a night in French custody I had a positive nostalgia for the West German police) we left Paris—shortly after *The Tin Drum* had appeared in book form and deserted me—to settle in Berlin again. There I had to take to bed in the afternoons, do without alcohol, and swallow little white tablets three times daily (I think they were called Neoteben, and they made me stout and healthy).

I had already begun to make notes for a second novel, *Hundejahre* (*Dog Years*), in Paris—originally called *Kartoffelschalen* (*Potato Peelings*)—but the conception went awry. It took the novella *Cat and Mouse* to break up this ill-fated venture. But by that time I was already famous, and no longer needed to feed the stove with coke. Writing has become rather more difficult since then.

HAVE I SAID everything? More than I wanted to. Have I kept anything back? Naturally. Will there be a postscript? No.

AUTHORS

Anthony Bloomfield is the author of five novels, the latest being *Life for a Life* (Hogarth Press, 1971), and is at present putting together a collection of short stories. He works as a Senior Editor with BBC Television News.

E. J. Mishan is Professor of Economics at the London School of Economics and Visiting Professor at the University of Maryland. His books include *The Costs of Economic Growth* (1967), *Twenty-one Economic Fallacies* (1969), a collection of essays, *Making the World Safe for Pornography* (Alcove Press and Library Press, 1973), and *Cost-Benefit Analysis* (revised edition, Allen & Unwin, 1975). Among his previous articles in ENCOUNTER are "The New Inflation" (May 1974), "To Grow or Not to Grow?" (May 1973) and "The Spillover Enemy" (December 1969).

Anthony Rhodes has written numerous works of history, biography, fiction and travel. His most recent books are *Princes of the Grape*, a study of the major French wine families and vineyards (Weidenfeld, 1975), and *The Vatican in the Age of the Dictators* (Hodder, 1973); his study of *Propaganda in World War II* will be published later this year.

R. B. Rose is Professor of History at the University of Tasmania, and author of *The Enragés* (Melbourne University Press, 1965) and *The Russian Revolution* (F. W. Cheshire, Melbourne, 1970). His forthcoming study will be the first full-length biography of Babeuf in English.

Robert Gittings' most recent book is *Young Thomas Hardy* (Heinemann, 1975). An earlier biography, *John Keats* (1968), won the W. H. Smith Literary Award. He is now at work on *The Older Hardy*.

Bernard Bergonzi is Professor of English at the University of Warwick. His books include *The Turn of a Century* (Macmillan, 1973) and *The Situation of the Novel* (1970).

Laurence Lerner is Professor of English at the University of Sussex, and author, among other works, of *The Uses of Nostalgia* (Chatto & Windus, 1972) and *Introduction to English Poetry* (Arnold, 1975).

Ronald Hayman is the author of numerous books on contemporary playwrights and modern theatre. His study of Tolstoy was published in 1970 by Routledge, and his most recent work is *The Novel Today, 1967–75* (Longman/British Council).

Naomi Lewis writes widely on children's literature, and is chief reviewer of children's books for *The Observer*.

THE ARCHILOCHUS ETCHING by Michael Ayrton on p. 92 of the June issue was reproduced by courtesy of the Bruton Gallery, Bruton, Somerset.

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LETTERS

The Case of Whittaker Chambers

IT WAS WITH MIXED FEELINGS that I read Sidney Hook's "The Strange Case of Whittaker Chambers" in your January 1976 issue. I have no personal involvement with the people involved—indeed, I wasn't even born when many of the events, which Hook describes, took place. Yet I am fascinated by the main cases of the witchhunt era, such as Hiss or the Rosenbergs. There is surely no question that Hook expounds a fascinating tale, bringing out some details which have never been told before. But in much of the article, Hook is presumptuous with such rhetorical remarks as "If one asks those who denounce Chambers. . . ." Hook is better when he speaks for Hook.

The part which most surprises me is the discourse on lying.

> "Deliberate *intent* to deceive must be established before a person can be convicted of lying. Even if a man lies about something, this is not evidence that he has lied about everything. . . ."

There is nothing wrong with any of these sentences. But they show us clearly that Hook fails to understand what is of importance in the Chambers-Hiss case. A judicial process ultimately rests on the words of people. In the case of Hiss, there was largely the words of one person, unfortunately one whose integrity must remain in question. In this sense, notwithstanding Hook's eloquence, Alger Hiss did not receive a fair trial. Perhaps, with the new U.S. "Freedom of Information Act", the matter will become clear in the future.

DONALD W. KAHN

School of Mathematics
University of Minnesota

MR KAHN APPARENTLY has bizarre notions of what is "presumptuous", "rhetorical" and "a judicial process." The question I addressed to those who denounced Chambers as a liar is perfectly legitimate and is stated in simple prose. Nor does a judicial process always rest ultimately on "the words of people." It often rests on the material evidence, especially when words conflict. Those who are at all knowledgeable about the Hiss-Chambers case, among whom obviously we cannot include Mr Kahn, acknowledge that if it were not for the material evidence, Hiss would never have been tried or, if tried, convicted.

Witches do not exist. Communist agents do. I do not see how these truths or the character of the evidence on which Hiss was convicted have anything to do with when Mr Kahn was born. Nor the distinction between whether a person is guilty or innocent and whether he has had a fair trial.

SIDNEY HOOK

Stanford
California

Euthanasia and the Nazis

IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE, Marvin Kohl points out that many people are now requesting the right to ask for a peaceful end to their lives, when they have given their free and fully informed consent. That is what the Voluntary Euthanasia Society has long campaigned for in Britain, though we specify that a patient's wishes should be attested by means of an Advance Declaration witnessed by two people who could not gain by the patient's death.

However, Kohl's mention of "non-beneficent varieties of euthanasia like that practised by the Nazis" may be misleading. It is sometimes claimed that legalisation of voluntary euthanasia would inexorably lead on to elimination, by the state, of the old or disabled. It is therefore worth noting that voluntary euthanasia was never practised by the Nazis. Their practices started when their police selected fifty inmates of a mental home whom they marched out and shot. This action was soon followed by worse atrocities. While the Nazis may have chosen to call this "euthanasia", that was because before that time the word had a predominantly good meaning. But the Nazi use of the word should not mislead anyone into thinking there is any possibility of such occurrences if voluntary euthanasia were legalised.

NICHOLAS REED

Voluntary Euthanasia Society,
London

Dr Eysenck's Reply on IQ

LIAM HUDSON'S review of Leon Kamin's book *The Science and Politics of IQ* [ENCOUNTER, April] is too idiosyncratic to go without correction. Hudson concurs with Kamin's conclusion that "there exist no data which should lead a prudent man to accept the hypothesis that IQ test scores are in any degree heritable." This tells us a great deal about Dr Hudson. It does not tell us very much about the heritability of IQ which is not disputed by any competent geneticist I know. (Kamin, of course, is a rat psychologist who boned up on IQ testing and genetics for the purpose of writing this book, and Hudson himself has no background in genetics and has never worked in this field; in his own books he admits to a lack of numerate understanding of even the relatively simple psychometrics of IQ testing.)

Readers who are not familiar with the professional side of this controversy may like to be reminded that Kamin's book has been universally rejected by professional reviewers in both the psychological and the genetic journals. To give but one example, here is what Sandra Scarr-Salapatek has to say in a review. (It may be worthwhile stating that she was highly critical of Arthur Jensen and would from conviction certainly prefer the opposite side.)

> "There ought to be a special corner in Marxist heaven for those who sacrifice their scientific reputation to their politics. No greater gift has any man. . . . In this book Leon Kamin has sacrificed his

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scientific credibility in the pursuit of social justice and equality, which he confuses with biological identity."

After considering the details of Kamin's book Sandra Scarr-Salapatek concludes:

"Every page of this book is a detailed, statistical mistreatment of the body of research on individual differences in IQ. Throughout, Kamin's attacks are outrageously *ad hominem*, full of innuendo about the integrity of investigators who may harbour hereditarian hypotheses. . . . Kamin's attention is rivetted on idiosyncratic detail; he does not see the forest for the trees, and I feel the myopia is politically determined. Scientific short-sightedness in the service of social equality is understandable but misguided, by my standards. I, for one, would not wish my social equality to rest on being his identical twin."

To say as Hudson does that "Intelligence may or may not be to some degree heritable; we just don't know" is just nonsense. There are at least ten different ways in which it has been demonstrated that intelligence is heritable to a very large degree.

It is the agreement between these different methods which is so impressive, ranging as they do from twin studies to regression effects, and from in-breeding depression to pleiotropy. Hudson states that "The more nearly our belief approximates to a passion, the greater our unconscious impulse to mould evidence will become." I wish he hadn't tried to prove the truth of this statement by his own review. The topic is too serious to be treated in this cavalier fashion.

H. J. EYSENCK

Institute of Psychiatry,
University of London

Tough Americanese?

WHILE IT IS always interesting to read a foreigner's view of one's own country, Rupert Wilkinson's "On the Toughness of the 'Tough Guy' " in your February number contains far too many errors.

When Joseph Kraft accused McGovern of a lack of "toughness of mind" he meant that the Senator was inconsistent, vacillating, and unwilling to face up to the cost of decisions, not that he failed to think "tough."

When Lyndon Johnson said American soldiers "walk tall" he employed Army idiom for pride, not toughness.

When the Nixon Administration said they would keep a "low profile" they meant they would try to remain unnoticed, like an infantryman on his belly, not "image of tanks or cruisers on the skyline?" as Mr Wilkinson conjectures.

President Ford promoted WIN buttons to *Whip Inflation Now*, not to waste less and grow more.

Wilkinson writes ". . . the list of current or recent American terms for effeminate or soft individuals far exceeds the British list." Since the American language is richer than English, any American list would be longer. But many of the terms cited do not mean soft or effeminate. A *patsy* is one who is easily guiled. A *pushover* (male) is easily defeated; a *pushover* (female) is one whose favours are easily obtained. A *pussy-footer* is excessively cautious. A *quitter* gives up too readily. *Chicken* and *yellow* mean cowardly. *Cookie-pusher* was applied only to presumably Anglicised foreign service officers. *Milquetoast* and *panty-waist* are obsolete. *Sissy* and *momma's boy* are used only by and to children.

Wilkinson's surprise at the use of "tough" terms by middle- and upper-class Americans reveals a peculiarly English lack of understanding of the democratic ethos in America. The use of longshoremen's language affirms that there is really no difference between Harvard and Hoboken. Most of the "American" characteristics detected by Wilkinson can be found in the English (and lowlands Scots and Scots-Irish) rural and working classes from whence, of course, they originated.

Station wagons "with fake-wooden panels" are not "pseudo-Western icons", but derive from horse-drawn vehicles with custom bodies owned by the very rich to deliver visitors or servants to the railroad station, the exact equivalent of the English "estate car"—Eastern-snob-Anglophile, not Western.

Stetson hats have urban sales because Stetson has a wide range of quality headgear of all types. Wide-brimmed hats (usually cheap straw) are commonly worn in all parts of rural America to keep off the sun and rain. An occasional Texan wears an "*LBJ*" hat in the city for the same reason some Scots wear the tartan; to display regional consciousness, not toughness.

"The belief that government service, by contrast with business, tends to attract the indolent and unfit . . . has shown great durability" because the belief is correct. It is difficult for an Englishman to comprehend a society in which the servants of the Crown are held in contempt, where "the state" means a member of the union, not the authority of governmental apparatus.

The notion that wealth degenerates physical and mental vigour is not peculiar to American "Puritan gentry" but was a cliché of the ancients. Certain manifestations of turn-of-the-century English culture give some substance to the theory, as suggested by Wilkinson's "It is striking that upper-class boarding schools for adolescent boys have had little overt homosexuality, unlike their British counterparts. . . ." Even the most devoted Anglophiles have not wished their sons to emulate Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, or Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. Homosexuality in American prep schools is rare because it is not permitted, lest America go the way of England.

B. BRUCE-BRIGGS

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Croton-on-Hudson
New York

I THINK THE MAIN POINT missed by Mr Bruce-Briggs is that American "toughness" values entwine with many others. The "democratic ethos" in middle- and upper-class usage is exactly one of the elements I noted, involving the pressure to show one is, at some levels still, a "regular guy." I cannot in this space

(Continued on p. 94)

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A BITTER CONTROVERSY has broken out among Russian dissident intellectuals between those who insist that it is their duty to remain in the Soviet Union in all circumstances, even at the expense of the stifling of their creativity—and those who take the opposite view. Below are the essential points of a statement in Moscow by Igor Shafarevich and Yuli Daniel's reply in an interview in *Le Monde*. Professor Shafarevich is a physicist, a member of the Soviet Academy, and a friend of Alexei Sakharov; he is a contributor to Solzhenitsyn's recently published new anthology of Russian voices. Yuli Daniel served the prison sentence which he was given in the notorious Sinyavsky-Daniel Trial of 1966 in a labour camp. Both Shafarevich and Daniel are now resident in Moscow and are "samizdat" (underground) writers. Rostropovich is, of course, the famous cellist.—ED. NOTE.

There is an aspect of the emigration that might influence the future of us all, and it arises, not in the sphere of law, but in that of intellectual life. I refer to the cultural emigration. The fact that the best representatives of our literature, literary criticism and music now live abroad could be a sign of the end of Russian culture, or at any rate of the end of Russian culture in Russia. The expulsion of Solzhenitsyn was unquestionably a heavy blow to Russian culture. But he was arrested, forced into an aircraft, and sent abroad. Nothing of the sort happened to anyone else. The poet who wrote poems declaring he would never leave, the thinker who wrote an essay declaring it was unnecessary to emigrate—they all went voluntarily. And if some of them now say they were deported, and others that they were nearly deported, while still others are indignant at having been deprived of their citizenship, it merely means that all of them have the feeling that they acted as they should not have acted.

The representatives of Russian culture who left voluntarily simply did not withstand the pressure which was withstood for decades, for instance, by millions of religious believers. In other words, they lacked the spiritual strength to stand up to the threatened affliction. Such ordeals are severe, of course; but they can be surmounted by human strength, as numerous examples have shown. And in any case—where are the vital contributions to culture which we should have been having? People lacking in such spiritual strength can make no real and vital contribution to culture, no matter on which side of the frontier they happen to be.

A characteristic peculiarity of our intellectual life is revealed here. It required the surmounting of great difficulties, much greater than in the West. As against this, it does issue in much deeper relationships to life. To achieve anything really valuable (not, of course, in the areas regimented by the State) it is generally necessary to accept a risk. This alone can ensure a serious relation to one's subject and to the search for truth.

Igor Shafarevich

SHAFAREVICH SPEAKS **in the name of those who have stayed in Russia. But so do I; and I say that if Shafarevich believes himself able to wipe out the life and work of artists, writers, philosophers and musicians with a stroke of his pen, that is an awesome thing. Surely he is aware that culture does not abide by the short-lived laws to which political régimes are subject. That by no means all artists are able to remain creative if, as he puts it, "they have to withstand ordeals". That artists cut off from their native land are perfectly capable of working for the future and that their works may well appear eventually in their native land. Such, it will be recalled, was the case with Ivan Bunin, all of whose works were written while he was an *émigré*. Berdyaev's philosophical works have also returned home; though they are not yet printed, they are certainly read.**

To agree, as Shafarevich would have us agree, that a creatively active individual living abroad can make no contribution to the country of his birth and the culture of the world would merely demonstrate one's ignorance. The end result would be to consign to oblivion the tremendous historical experience of various cultural emigrations. To confine ourselves to the 20th century alone would mean depriving us of the works of, say, Thomas Mann, Marc Chagall, Slavomir Mrozek.

WHO, THEN, ARE *the "best representatives" of our culture who have been deprived of their "sufficient intellectual riches"? Through Shafarevich's allusions it is easy to guess at whom he is aiming. One of his targets, for instance, is Alexander Galich, the poet who has created a folklore of his own for the modern city. Another is Efim Etkind, a philologist with a reputation in the outside world as well as in Russia. A third is Victor Nekrassov, that valiant soul who has given us the best book about the War and Russian courage. A fourth is Anatol Yakobson, literary critic and editor, to whom the Russian language and Russian writing is the very air that he breathes.*

All these and dozens of other gifted and honourable individuals cannot defend themselves against Shafarevich because of the widespread prejudice according to which a word spoken "in the outside world" is worth less than one uttered in Russia.

IN SHAFAREVICH'S VIEW **a writer who leaves his country is guilty of pusillanimity. To that I reply that to a writer being cut off from his country is always dangerous, always tragic, and always hazardous. It is a most grievous challenge to his moral resources, and not everyone is capable of standing up to all that is involved. Is it not so much easier to consider oneself talented and stay at home, where one can attribute all setbacks to the prevailing "discomforts"?**

Shafarevich has said that Andrey Sinyavsky left Russia because he no longer wanted to put up with the "discomforts" there. What a shameful euphemism! As if what was involved were no more than changing a flat without a WC for one equipped with all modern conveniences. Shafarevich knows very well what the inconveniences are. They are described in detail in the books of Solzhenitsyn, who showed

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himself to be a man of iron will who survived and matured into a writer in conditions that drove an Osip Mandelstam first to madness and then to death. Who would dare to say it would not have been better if Mandelstam had gone away in good time?

Does Shafarevich believe that all these people are identical, no more than cog-wheels that have to work and stand up to a definite pressure for a definite period of time? He holds up religious believers who have stood up to such pressure as an example to artists. But does he for that reason look down on the Old Believers who fled, or tried to flee, to escape persecution and be in a position to profess their faith undisturbed abroad? Or all those who sought their salvation in flight during the religious wars and sectarian persecutions in Europe? Why does he overlook that the artist's faith unquestionably requires him to devote his whole self to it, but not necessarily to sacrifice it? Time alone delivers judgment on the artist and, unlike Shafarevich, it evaluates him by his work and not by his capacity to withstand ordeals.

WE, THOSE OF US *who have remained, cannot dissociate ourselves from those who have gone abroad. We gave them our blessing when they assumed their cross. We are bound to them by love, sympathy, and a community of ideas. Coldly to cross them off the list of the living would be like suicide. We were nurtured on the same culture. Those who have left their country will live for us "in the outside world", and we here will live for them.*

Yuli Daniel

AS A MUSICIAN, I never was political. *I lived according to my conscience and my heart; I signed no letters composed by official organs—either against "Israeli aggressors" or against Boris Pasternak or Andrei D. Sakharov; I did not participate in the officially organised persecution campaigns against certain composers, writers, artists, and scientists, and, as you know, I gave refuge to my friend Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, who spent four winters in my dacha. These are the "crimes" that led to an entire chain of events. The result was my departure from Russia with my family for an extended period.*

I WOULD LIKE I. R. Shafarevich to answer this: Just how do you picture my creative life at home when I was denied the opportunity of self-expression as an artist? What should a performing musician do when his art is ageing and dying along with him? Recordings are the only way (and then, not fully) to leave a "record" of interpretations, which can even "outlive" the artist himself. But for this you need at least permission to record. What would you do if at someone's command the recording session is stopped literally in mid-note, and you are literally thrown out of the studio? That is what happened during a recording of Puccini's "Tosca" with my wife and the Bolshoi Theatre orchestra under my baton.

HOW MUCH LONGER *could I remain a puppet of Goskoncert, the state organisation that trades in artists, in planning my guest appearances abroad? When, in accordance with their (or "someone's") desires, only they can determine where I can go and where I can't, what I can play and what I can't. Why is it that when they did not wish to let me perform Beethoven's Trio with Yehudi Menuhin and Wilhelm Kempff (for the UNESCO celebration) in Paris in January, 1974, they sent an official telegram to Mr Menuhin stating that I could not come because of illness—when in truth I was perfectly healthy?*

I am only 47 now, in my prime. There is so much more that I could have done for my country, if they would have at least given me "musical freedom", without "regulation", without tripping me up, spoiling my plans, trying to destroy me as a person and musician. They were trying to prove that a talented man, too, if he did not obey, could be destroyed, and replaced by a mediocrity, who would slavishly submit to the authorities and follow the narrow, and often stupid, official line blindfolded.

HOW MUCH SUSPICION, **control, and overcautiousness they have toward their own compatriots!**

It is not my fault that I must realise my life's dreams not in my homeland but in the theatres of New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Milan, Vienna, and Munich. Not long before I left, the Deputy Minister of Culture said to me in an official conversation: "Who cares that you want to conduct or play with the best orchestras of our country? *They* do not want you!" Galina Vishnevskaya replied: "That is precisely why we must leave, because they want Rostropovich in Paris, London and New York." In the prime of her career, Galina Vishnevskaya found her appearances being met with a conspiracy of silence. She was literally driven from radio and television.

WHAT, THEN, SHOULD I *have done according to my friend Shafarevich? Sit at home until I was old or dead, waiting for them "to want" me? And never realising my dreams, think as I lay dying, "Ah, how I could have played that work!"?*

Shafarevich writes, "The cultural figures who voluntarily left Russia just could not withstand the pressures that, say, millions of religious believers withstood for decades."

There is no talk of intolerable pressures in my particular case. Almost anything physical can be withstood. My wife survived the blockade of Leningrad. We suffered through the hardships, hunger, and sorrow of war with our people. That is possible when there is hope and the chance of it coming true. A musician cannot lock himself inside four walls and create for himself alone. He must give his art to others, otherwise the art, having no outlet, will destroy the artist.

And now my wife and I have gone away for a few years—not from our own people, but from the bureaucrats who are allowed to mock openly people in the arts.

Mstislav Rostropovich

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take up all Mr Bruce-Briggs' items, but a careful reader will note that practically none of them contradict my picture of an American concern with dynamic toughness. Admittedly, I should have done more to define what I meant by "toughness." I would include both physical hardiness and the "tough-minded" facing up to painful realities as well as adversaries. I agree that "station wagon" did not originate as a Western term, and indeed one popular, suburban model has been the *Country Squire*—but another has been the *Ranch Wagon*!

Some of Mr Bruce-Briggs' points over-simplify rather than complicate. In both Britain and America, government careers have had complex and ambiguous status, affected by interactions between beliefs and institutions. I merely suggest that values on the rigours of competition and "meeting a payroll" have been one traditional element in the way upper-stratum Americans have perceived government. As for the arguments about luxury and effeminacy: (*1*) it was never claimed that charges against luxury and fanciness were solely American (the Cromwellian gentry had some nasty things to say about queer Courtiers); (*2*) homosexuality does not vanish in schools merely "because it is not permitted." British schoolmasters used to cudgel their wits about how to stop it (without avail while their communities remained isolated from girls, though no more isolated than many American boarding schools).

To dismiss this viewpoint as Limey ignorance is, if I may use the phrase, "no way to do business."

RUPERT WILKINSON

University of Sussex
Brighton

Marxist "Anti-Semitism"?

Striking a Balance—By HELMUT HIRSCH

I FOUND the article by Chaloner and Henderson in ENCOUNTER (July 1975) both fascinating and exhilarating. Fascinating because two colleagues of such distinction have now presented their full views on such a neglected topic. And exhilarating on account of an unwitting joke which Robert Wistrich, in his reply (ENCOUNTER, November, p. 96), merely treats as a "tenacious myth." The point of the caricature illustrating (on p. 19) Chaloner's and Henderson's article was precisely that it presented Eduard Bernstein as a non-Christian, while Karl Kautsky, in contrast, was "not even a Jew."

To have a terse and well-documented collection of the most important references of Karl Marx to the Jews is invaluable to everybody interested in revolutionary socialism and its relationship to liberal ideals of tolerance. Whether European or American—as a native of Germany who, thanks to the Third Reich, acquired US citizenship, I am both—one tends to forget or to repress the unpleasant. Our respect for Marx's unquestionable intellectual merits quite naturally induces us to overlook some of his personal faults (Fritz Raddatz, in his recently published biography, has recently gathered all the evidence, if with more literary than scholarly talent).

Unfortunately, Chaloner and Henderson seem to have succumbed to another temptation. While Edmund Silberner—the leading proponent of the thesis that Marx not only could possibly, but must actually be considered an outspoken anti-Semite—quotes his friendly words about the Jews of Jerusalem as an exception which confirms the rule, they adopt Silberner's viewpoint but dispense with such qualifications.

YET FOR THE HISTORIAN paying close attention to the facts, questions abound. Didn't Marx ask his associate to provide him with copies of all utterances by his opponent Dr Karl Heinrich Hermes "*against Judaism*" so as "not to let him go on chattering" but to divert the contemporary debate on the liberation of the Jews into "another channel"? Didn't Marx declare himself willing to draw up a "petition to the *Landtag* for the Jews"? Didn't the petition (of which Silberner, when he wrote his classic work, only knew from secondary sources) bear the signatures of all the leading persons connected with the *Rheinische Zeitung* whose recent chief editor Marx had been?[1] Didn't his work on the *Heilige Familie*, if with a malicious grin, give support to two works against Bruno Bauer—Dr Gustav Philippson's book *Die Judenfrage von Bruno Bauer näher beleuchtet* and the *Briefe zur Beleuchtung der Judenfrage von Bruno Bauer* by Grand Rabbi Dr Samuel Hirsch (though Silberner asserted that it is not certain whether Marx had read even one other book on the Jewish question besides Bauer's)? Weren't there among Marx's co-authors in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* formal adherents of the Jewish creed (Hess, Jacoby) and others (Bernays, Heine) who, like Marx himself were converts from the Jewish faith? Didn't two of the twelve contributions to those yearbooks show what we can only call an anti-anti-Jewish bias? Wasn't Lassalle, after he had been fatally wounded in a duel, "still one of the *vieille souche* and the enemy of our enemies" (nay, even an "Achilles") to Marx? Didn't Marx, in writing to a Jewish relative, picture himself

[1] Helmut Hirsch, "Karl Marx und die Bittschriften für die Gleichberechtigung der Juden", *Archiv für Sozialgeschichte* (1968), pp. 229–245.

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as a descendant of the Jews by jesting that the newest research, which discredited the Old Testament, could not shake "our pride in our ancestors [*unsern Ahnenstolz*]"?

On another occasion Marx remarked that "our tribal brother [*unser Stammgenosse*]—Benjamin Disraeli" again had erred. Marx assured Professor Heinrich Graetz, the historian of the Jewish people, of his appreciation and friendship, by twice sending him books with dedications. In one of his last letters Marx tried to defend a Jew from Friedrich Engels' crude contempt. Engels had burst out: "What do you say, that this little Jew [*das kleine Jüdchen*] . . . wants to stick us up for a preface to the *Manifesto*?" Thereupon Marx: "Sticking up [*das Pistole-auf-die-Brust-Setzen*] is the nature and way of our folk [*unsrer Leit*], consequently, something to put up with as unavoidable with little Hepner." Here, by means of an idiomatic mockery, the bothersome pushiness of a Jewish party comrade, with whom he was ready to sign a publishing contract, was considered a plain lack of manners that had to be understood, judged, and accepted on the basis of cultural history. In this Marx surely differed from all foes of the Jews who clearly wanted—or want—to use systematic defamation as a stepping stone to discrimination and even to destruction of the victims of their vilification and who, in the 19th-century misnomer, are still called "anti-Semites."

Still this much must be said. His procedure resembled only too often the widespread vulgar habit of stigmatising (in private, of course) an unsympathetic Negro as a "nigger", or ridiculing an apparent silliness of non-Jews as "*goyim naches*", calling repulsive characteristics of some Germans "typically German", etc.—without drawing discriminatory conclusions from such verbiage. (Others, of course, often proceed to draw them.)

MARX'S WRITINGS on *The Jewish Question* consist of three pieces with remarkable differences. Can they be said to belong at all to the vicious circle of racial calumny and genocide *à la* Hitler? On this assumption, too, I think Chaloner and Henderson (as well as Robert Wistrich) are very much mistaken. We should duly register the unqualified support given by Marx's *Heilige Familie* to the most famous fighter for Jewish emancipation in Germany before the Revolution of 1848—Gabriel Riesser. Riesser, as a Jew, could not become a lecturer in Heidelberg or a notary in Hamburg or a citizen of Kurhesse, until in 1840 he did succeed in getting a Hanseatic *Notariat*—Riesser welcomes Marx's "highly valuable newspaper articles, especially in the *Rheinische Zeitung*." Its former editor-in-chief in turn approves of Riesser's attack on Bruno Bauer's ideas of a future state polity.

> "Herr Riesser argues against B. Bauer that his state has to exclude 'Jews' and 'Christians.' Herr Riesser is right. Since Herr Bauer confuses political emancipation and human emancipation . . . therefore, Herr Bauer must hang Jews and Christians in his critical state."

Applauding Riesser's struggle against economic discrimination, Marx exclaims:

> "To emancipate the Jews politically and to grant them the 'human rights' are interdependent acts. Herr Riesser correctly expresses the meaning which the quest of the Jews for recognition of free humanity has, when he demands, among others, freedom of movement, residence, travel, trading, and the like. These expressions of *'freien Menschlichkeit'* are specifically recognised as such in the French proclamation of Human Rights."

It is surely a rare "anti-Semite" who approves a fighter for Jewish emancipation and links his struggle to the great French revolutionary tradition of civil liberties.

To be sure, the specific help extended to the Jewish claim for a share in Human Rights was combined with the ingenious Marxian idea to divert the public discussion into "another channel." Thus, usuriousness and Jewishness are to be equated! "The Jew", Marx's argument ran, "has all the more a right to this recognition of his 'free humaneness', as the 'free bourgeois society' is of a completely commercial, Jewish essence, and he, from the start, is a necessary part of it." Marx's long-range threat that all active members of the bourgeois social order (not unlike those addicted to any kind of religious opiate) will ultimately, as a class of usurers, disappear, is supplemented by a practical, immediate exhortation that they are, one and all, capitalist businessmen and accordingly have to tolerate each other. Inacceptable as the premise of this—I almost said "Talmudistic"—bit of dialectic was and remains, Marx was, in so arguing throughout *The Jewish Question*, merely inventing verbal variations of windy 19th-century formulations on the subject already made by Heinrich Heine and Moses Hess.[2] Hess went so far as to ascribe to the Jews "in the natural history of the social animal world" the "world-historical vocation" of "developing the beast of prey." They now had finally achieved their "professional task", their evolutionary destiny. For "the mystery of Judaism and Christianity has been revealed through the modern Jewish-Christian world of merchants." The "mystery of Christ's blood, like the mystery of the ancient Jewish veneration of blood" reappeared here "in a quite undisguised fashion as the mystery of the beast of prey [*das Raubtier*]."

Can we speak of a "specifically Jewish self-hatred" in this connection? Only if, on the one hand, we pass over the fact that these young Socialists and Communists rejected Jewish orthodoxy—and, on the other, we also raise the problem of a "specifically *Christian* self-hatred" in connection with Bauer's and Engels' *anti-Christian* diatribes.

ONE LAST POINT. In my view Karl Marx stands in striking historical contrast to his contemporary, that much-revered German statesman who, even in 1847, refused to hear of equality for Jewish citizens. And yet he is celebrated today in the Federal Republic as a national hero on stamps and in speeches, from surviving commemorative towers and with renovated bronze monuments. Even our streets praise the name

[2] Helmut Hirsch, "Marxiana judaica", *Cahiers de L'I.S.E.A.* (1965), pp. 5–52.

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of the Iron Chancellor still: the mature Bismarck helped to establish in all of Germany the equality of Jewish citizens which Marx merely subscribed to.

Gesamthochschule, Duisburg HELMUT HIRSCH

I HAVE tried to follow Professor Hirsch's "arguments", and frankly, I find them Teutonic to the point of being incoherent. In his long-winded polemic he seems to have arrived at a syllogism: Marx was not averse to quoting Jews (or whom he took to be Jews) to demonstrate a point, *therefore* he cannot be called an anti-Semite. Let's pursue this for a moment. Hitler once chided his sycophantic disciples for mocking Trotsky's autobiography, and shouted, "Read it and learn something!" Thus, employing the Hirsch syllogism, one can argue that Hitler was no anti-Semite, either. Professor Hirsch also suggests that Marx often lashed out at other groups besides the Jews, *hence* he could not be considered a real, blown-in-the-bottle anti-Semite. The same type of argument is employed by Dr Erich Fromm in his defence of Marx's essay on the Jewish question.

Again, it should be noted that Hitler despised not only the Jews but also the Gypsies. Thus, in the syllogistic logic deployed by both Hirsch and Fromm, Hitler was not as totally base a *Judenfresser* as has been thought till now.[1]

As for the "proof" of some of his unsubstantiated assertions, Dr Hirsch provides two footnotes, both sending us to works on the subject *he* wrote. And as for his understanding of the Moses Hess quotation, it is given fairly enough—only it doesn't tell us that at the time Hess wrote the horrible words he was committed body-and-soul to the socialist mystique, breaking with it only some twenty years later when he wrote *Rome and Jerusalem* (1862), where he tells us that it was while he was in the ranks of German Social Democracy that he first heard the "Hep-cry of the anti-Semites", the slogan of the ancient Roman legions: *Hierusalem Est Perdita*!

If, further, Professor Hirsch thinks the vulgar and mocking attacks on Disraeli by Marx prove that Marx was not what he was almost all his life—a man who despised his race, his "people", his "tribe", etc.—nothing I could add will dissuade him from continuing on his chosen path of dedication to an ideology even if he perish from it. At the same time he points a finger of scorn at Bismarck for not granting (or promising to grant) electoral rights to the Jews. This is very strange. We have Marx's advice to the English citizens not to pollute the cherished franchise by permitting a hated "Rothschild" to be seated in the House of Commons! And, that (as Marx wrote) good Englishmen will *never* allow.

Dr Hirsch exhumes the letter to his Dutch nephew (which did not say what Professor Hirsch says it did, but employed a bit of practical sycophancy to which Marx was not averse in order to cadge a few pence from him); he cites a reference to the wretched Hebrews of old Jerusalem as proof that Marx said some "kind" words about the Jews; he mentions once again that Marx joined in an appeal "to the *Landtag* for the Jews." All this adds up to almost minus zero, because it represents the minutiae —the lint—some Marxian apologists have swept up to becloud the main thesis pronounced by Marx (and Engels). This states in words that are unmistakable and unambiguous: if you want a world where being a Jew would be impossible you must opt for the Marx-Engels conception of Judaism and the Jews.

One final remark. To drag Ferdinand Lasalle into the discussion, as does Dr Hirsch, demonstrates a kind of insensitiveness one would not expect from a distinguished member of the academy. Yes, on occasion, Marx did say that Lasalle was "an enemy of our enemies." So what? Marx needed Lasalle much the way he needed the "little Jew" whom Engels had denigrated (only to have Marx tell him not to be so harsh and outspoken). After all, he *needed* him for some publishing venture, as he needed Lasalle for a bit of loose cash whenever he could get it. What Marx (and Engels) thought of the "Jewish nigger", is now too well known. What may not be so widely known is that even after his death Lasalle was mocked by both Marx and Engels in words that for perfidy and infamy require a good command of the German language. Here I am sure Dr Hirsch will understand better than others what Engels meant when he wrote to Marx (22 August 1868) a hilarious note on the tragi-comic effects of the death of Lasalle, shot in the testicles while defending the honour of a dubious "lady", etc. In the original German, Engels dredges up a bit of punning from the gutter, employing the German "*Wallach*" to describe what "Baron Itzig" (Lasalle) had become after the "Wallacher" (von Racowitze) had unmanned him (ha, ha, ha!) . . . .

Heine once remarked that "Marx saw only the dog in the Jew, not the man of human kindness." Dr Hirsch sees in Marx things that could *not* ever influence the death-devouring ideology of the Third Reich. Yet, here, another Nazi intellectual could put him right. Roderick Stoltheim, in his *The Riddle of the Jews' Success* (1934), quoted accurately from Marx's essay on the Jewish question to prove that what Hitler and German National Socialism were teaching and preaching were taken from the best authorities on the "question." Karl Marx, Herr Stoltheim wrote, "admitted that money was the real secular deity of Judaism." And that had an enormous impact on those "masses" Hitler and Goebbels and Bockelmann and Stoltheim were preparing to accept the "final solution." Did Marx's essay contribute to this "solution"? History and some six million dead Jews would seem to answer: Alas, yes.

New York City MAX GELTMAN

[1] But he, too, will soon find his apologists. For an understanding of what National Socialism thought of Marx's essay on the Jews, Professor Hirsch should read the Nazi intellectual Wilhelm Bockelmann's *From Marx to Hitler* (1944), if only to demonstrate how much that "essay" actually influenced the thinking of some leading Nazi intellectuals.

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Scarborough

DEMOCRACY NOW: The National Union of Students yesterday rejected a call for the executive to be elected by a national secret ballot. Two sessions ended with a defeat for all proposals put forward for electoral reform.

Mr. Alastair Stewart, deputy president of the union, attacked the proposals as a move by right-wing students to defeat a predominantly left-wing executive by changing the election rules.

THE TIMES

London

PLUME DE MA DÉTENTE: *Yet another glittering epigram comes from Mr. James Callaghan:* "Détente, *like peace, is indivisible.*"

Do you realise that with a little practice you, your wife and children, your aged grandparents and indeed your whole family can coin such amazing, scintillating phrases as this? Do you realise that after a few short, easy-to-learn lessons, you can astound your friends and convert high-society dinner-tables, frequented by London's International Jet Set, into a raging inferno of laughter?

A new leaflet, "Détente *and You", starts with a few simple, easy-to-follow examples:* "Détente *must not only be done, but must be seen to be done!"; "One Man's* détente *is another man's entente"; "*Détente *by any other name . . . "; "We'll take a cup o'* détente *yet, for Auld Lang Syne".*

You'll soon get the hang of it! Détente, *remember, is the Key to a Whole World of Undreamed-of Romance, Glamour and Eastern Promise! You cannot afford to be left out of it. Remember—Dynamic Men and Women—go for* Détente.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Hong Kong

WALKIE-LOOKIE: *If Chinese students want to "freak out" they can try a new unexpurgated English-Chinese dictionary published in Shanghai. The dictionary, the first English-Chinese dictionary published in China in more than a decade, is a compendium of current American and English usage, ranging widely over the practical and profane, the scientific and the hip. Nor do the authors shrink from four-letter Anglo-Saxon words.*

The dictionary also contains some unlikely words, like a "walkie-lookie", defined as "portable colour television set", and some expressions that are either unfamiliar to the American reader or grammatically wrong. Thus a man is said to have "turned of 60" rather than "turned 60", and a spectator at a football game who does not know how it is played is said to "be strange at football."

In a bow to Chairman Mao Tse-tung's dictum that politics must take command, illustrative sentences do contain a proper Chinese Communist sentiment. Thus, "Pull" is illustrated with the thought, "In a capitalist society, one can hardly get a job without any pull."

In an introduction, the compilers explain "in view of the fact that an English-Chinese dictionary is expected by its users to help them read English and American books and periodicals and understand present-day English and American society, we have incorporated among our entries some words and phrases that reflect the decadent social phenomena of a dying capitalism, some even with a reactionary political slant."

NEW YORK TIMES

London

OBSCENITY?: *We were assured by the swinging '60s galère of small-calibre men of letters, telly-talkers, and dressmakers who are not content just to pronounce on dressmaking, that "real" obscenity was nothing so harmless as, say, publicly-flaunted genitals. "Violence" was the true obscenity. That always seemed an unlikely proposition, since the two concepts long had sharply different meanings. Violence has been violence. Obscenity has been—well, such matters as that public flaunting. One could envisage the two combined, but the evidence suggested that they could certainly be separate. Like so much to emerge, however, from that noisy and unlovely generation the violence-is-obscenity link-up has found its way through to the most stolid quarters.*

Now, it is true that one of the meanings of obscenity to be found in the O.E.D. is, simply, "offensive to the senses." But that is listed as a "somewhat archaic" usage (how strange that all those switched-on modern types should have been so old hat)! The major definition concerns such unfashionable notions as "unchaste or lustful ideas; impure, indecent, lewd."

The word came to mean that because the human race had need of it, since both lust and unchastity do play an awfully large part in human life. This is not to dispute the just claims of violence to qualify as bad. It is to emphasise that evil has many mansions. Perhaps our modern leaders of opinion purport no longer to believe in lewdness. So they have abolished the word for it. It will be interesting to see if it goes away.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

SEXISM: The use of the words "waitress" or "barman" in advertisements will be barred under the Sex Discrimination Act, which together with the Equal Pay Act comes into effect on December 29. It will be illegal to specify the sex of a person required to fill a job.

"It will not be possible", said Miss Betty Lockwood, who will be chairman of the Equal Opportunities Commission "to advertise for female secretaries or male clerks, or to advertise jobs where the name indicates the sex of a person, such as a waiter, waitress or barman.

"I hope the advertising industry gets round this without using the word 'person' too often. I gather that a satirical magazine referred to Manchester as 'personchester'. We want to avoid absurdities of that kind."

THE TIMES

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The Oxford Companion to Film

Edited By Liz-Anne Bawden

This new Companion carries a wider range of information than any other comparable work in English; its scope is world-wide, and it covers all aspects of the medium. The 3,000 entries are concerned with artists, craftsmen, entrepreneurs, critics, genres, and movements; technical terms are dealt with fully and there are individual entries for some 700 films, chosen for their historical, commercial, or aesthetic importance. The Companion is illustrated with numerous frame enlargements specially selected for this purpose. £10

The Oxford Companion to German Literature

Henry Garland and Mary Garland

This Companion covers the whole span of literature in German from the eighth century to 1974, and includes Austria and Switzerland within its scope. It includes biographies; synopses of works; entries on literary movements and styles; accounts of important figures and events in history, politics, and the arts and sciences; and the intellectual, social, and political background. £10

The Survivor

An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps

Terrence Des Pres

In this powerful study of human survival the author is concerned with the small minority who found in themselves the strength and will to survive the concentration camps of Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia. He uses the actual testimony of many survivors as well as fictional accounts. 'A valuable, moving account of how men and women come to survive in the worst of all possible worlds.'—Anthony Storr, *Washington Post* £4

International Economic Relations of the Western World 1959-1971

Edited by Andrew Shonfield

Volume 1: Politics and Trade
Andrew Shonfield and others

Volume 2: International Monetary Relations
Susan Strange

The post-war era of reconstruction came formally to an end in 1958, when the currencies of the main Western countries were once again made freely convertible into U.S. dollars. This study traces from that point the gradual realization by the Western nations of their growing economic interdependence; the accompanying shifts in the balance of economic power between the United States and other capitalist countries; and the accords and conflicts, leading up to the great dollar crisis of 1971. Each volume £11.50 *Royal Institute of International Affairs*

Woman-Work

Women and the Party in Revolutionary China

Delia Davin

Xiang Jingyu, one of the leading theorists of the early Chinese Communist Party, envisaged an alliance of revolutionary women intellectuals and labouring women to fight for their own liberation and for that of all oppressed people. This book traces the history of that alliance, describing Party policy toward women up to the Civil War and the development of the Women's Federation since then. The author concludes that fundamental changes have occurred; and in the towns women now have considerable power at community level. £5.95

Oxford University Press

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